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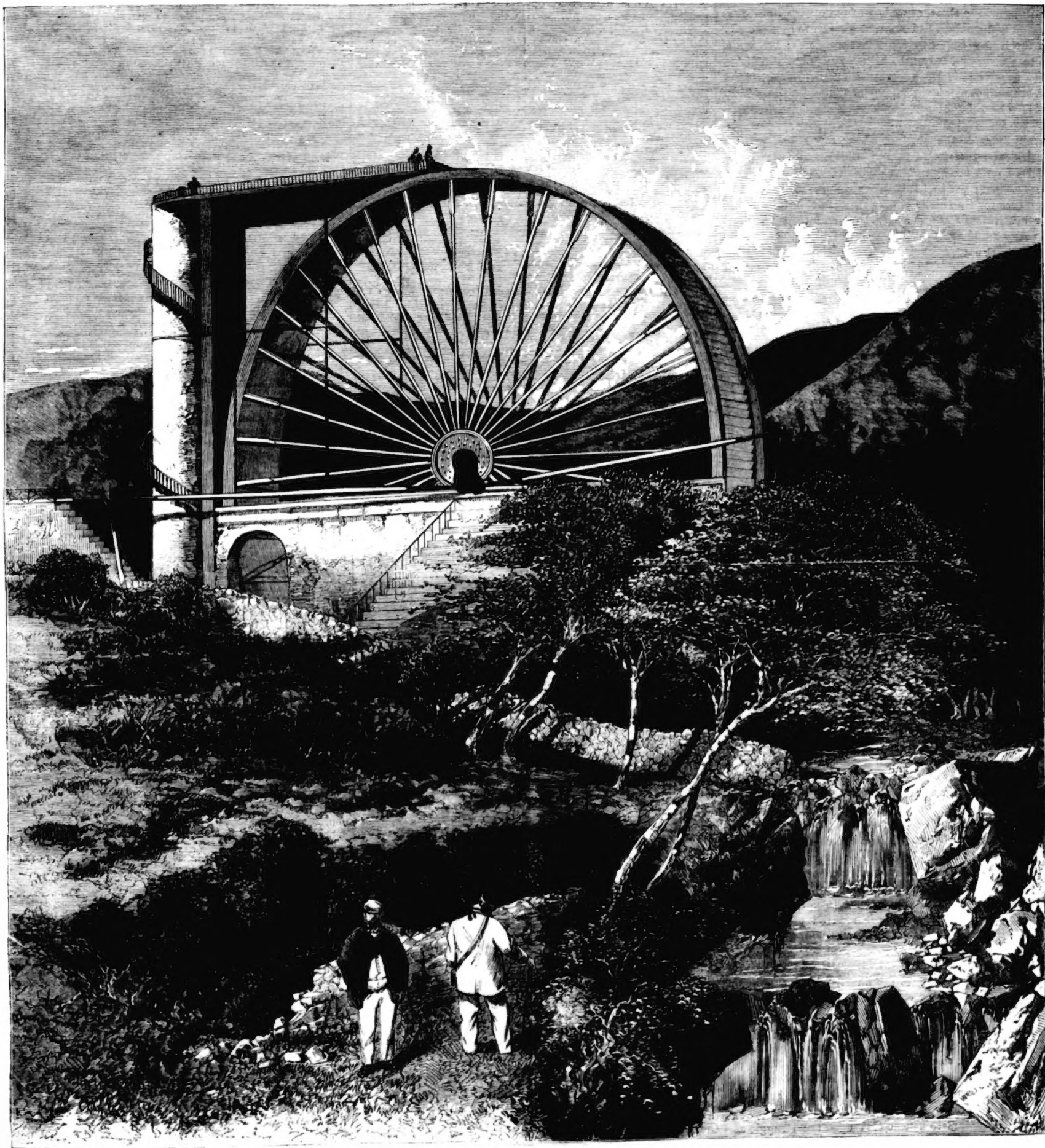
CHARLESTON.

ONCE more the Federal Americans are raising their voices in triumph; once more the backbone of the rebellion is broken; Secessia has again collapsed; the war is finally ended yet another time; and nothing remains but to pursue,

to overtake, and to destroy the contumacious defeated over all the land; for Fort Sumter has been laid in ruins, and General Gilmore has established himself in a situation convenient for the shelling of Charleston.

And, unquestionably, General Gilmore's successes are very

important. It is true that Charleston, as a military position, does not necessarily fall with the destruction of Fort Sumter. Other fortresses have to be blown to pieces, and many strong works must be captured or rendered untenable before anything like a victory can fairly be claimed. No doubt the task of



GIGANTIC WATER-WHEEL AT LAXEY, ISLE OF MAN.—(DRAWN BY A. SLADER.)

conquest is very much easier now that Sumter is no longer in the way; but we must not forget that General Beauregard's army has also to be dealt with. With that army before him, it is much to be doubted whether General Gilmore will attempt to occupy the ruins he has made, or venture to advance his land forces upon the city. Nor does the fall of Sumter and Wagner ensure the Federal navy from defeat in the harbour. The interior defences are by so much the stronger that many guns have been taken from these forts and mounted in other places; and, besides the batteries on James Island, Morris Island, the harbour shallows, and the water front of the city, Admiral Dahlgren will have to encounter an unknown number of torpedoes, infernal machines, and rebel ironclads should he pursue his intention of steaming in. If he does so with a "dash," as he is so loudly called upon to do by the valiant impatience about him, his defeat is by no means improbable.

But, though the Admiral may be driven out of the harbour, should he venture in—though General Gilmore may not dare to advance a foot from his present position—the South has suffered a great disaster, and the North has gained a triumph peculiarly gratifying to its feelings. Charleston is being leisurely shelled. That proud city, so detestable to Yankeeedom, is entirely at the mercy of Yankee guns; and, if we are to give full credit to the smug despatch of General Gilmore, the city has probably been reduced to a heap of ruins by this time. "I have established batteries on my left," says the General, "within effective range of the heart of Charleston, and opened with them, after giving General Beauregard due notice. My projectiles entered Charleston, and General Beauregard designates them the most destructive missiles ever used in war." To be sure, the "due notice" is a matter of opinion. The warning was so short, as we learn from other sources, that the women and children had not time enough to quit the city before the houses began to fall about their ears; but while, therefore, we have no reason to believe that General Gilmore departed in any considerable degree from the worst barbarities of war, we cannot deny the efficacy of his projectiles. They are said to be something new and surprising in their way—fifteen-inch shells filled with Greek fire—and they are plumped into "the heart of the city" at a long, safe range, without much risk of an effective reply. Charleston burned and battered to dust at any cost would have been to her enemies unmixed delight; but that this most sweet revenge should be accomplished over the heads of her defenders, and in contempt of her army, her forts, her ironclads, and torpedos must ravish every Yankee soul with pleasure. Gilmore is probably regarded by this time as the most superlative "hoss" his country has ever produced; and just as the Northerners exult must the Southerners be downcast.

The Richmond journals say, indeed, with a great deal of truth, that the mere destruction of empty houses can have no serious effect on the result of the campaign, and that Gilmore has yet to win his victory over the army of Beauregard. So say we, if the Federals attempt anything more at present than they have already accomplished. But, meanwhile, there is something in the discouragement of the one party in war and the encouragement of the other; and, while we cannot doubt that the ruins of Charleston will make many falterers in the South as well as increase her desperation and her hatred, we know that nothing short of the hanging of all the Confederate leaders in a batch could have given the North more gratification. Both parties have now reached a point in the progress of the struggle at which exultation on the one hand or dejection on the other must tell with sovereign force; and the Southerners have nothing to balance the discouragement which the destruction of their favourite city must occasion, but the intense hatred it must also inspire.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the destruction of Charleston is one thing, its occupation quite another. The attack is all from the front—from the water; and we learn, to our very great surprise, that the attacking force was passed in one day by two blockade runners. Now, if Admiral Dahlgren succeeds in getting command of the harbour—which it is by no means certain he can do—there will be an end of blockade running, and the South will thus be cut off from a most important conduit of supply. This, of course, will be a very serious blow; but a more serious one will be avoided as long as Gilmore's troops are kept out of the country. If he could occupy Charleston he would be able to cut the communications of his enemy between Savannah and Wilmington, and overawe the State; and Butler is already appointed, we hear, to repeat in those regions the system of government which was found to answer so well in New Orleans. So great a disaster as that would tell for much against the South; but it is not likely to happen at present, we think. First, Charleston Harbour has to be "made safe;" then, General Gilmore has to push his troops into a country where they have only to be kept idle for a month to perish. Already those raw, unseasoned regiments have suffered greatly from the Charleston climate, though they have had all the benefits of residence on sandy islands outside, with a wholesome sea-breeze blowing. What they would suffer if kept for two or three September weeks amidst the fever-reeking swamps in the rear of the city is past calculation. That Beauregard, with an army equal to Gilmore's in number, and superior in spirit, could fail to dispose of his invaders pretty much according to his will, at such a season, we can hardly doubt; and the probability is, that the Federals will not attempt to occupy the place until the harbour defences are destroyed, and the year is more advanced, and reinforcements are sent from the jubilant North.

Meanwhile, it appears to us who look upon the struggle at

a distance, that it is time that the Southern Generals gave their country the encouragement of victory somewhere. For several months now the tide of success has been running steadily in favour of the North. The Federals have been working well; they have been fortunate, and they are elated accordingly. On the other hand, the discouragement of the losing party is evidently great, though they have all the stimulus which can be given to an invaded country by conquerors equally ferocious and vulgar. To Lee we naturally look for some adjustment of the fortunes of the war; and, no doubt, we shall learn before long that he has attempted their adjustment by a heavy blow. There are signs, too, that the Confederates mean to use their little navy in an organised way, at some point or other; and they will probably be able to muster a very respectable squadron before the end of the year. One thing we may be sure of, however—the war is not ended yet, though all the newspapers in New York are convinced it must end with the occupation of Charleston—which is not yet occupied.

WATER-WHEEL AT LAXEY, ISLE OF MAN, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

ABOUT five miles from Douglas, pleasantly situated at the mouth of a small river, is the village of Laxe, celebrated for its lead mine. Generally speaking, there is nothing very attractive in the appearance of a mine, with its tall, black chimney, engine-house, and dirty surroundings. The coal mines in the north are particularly wretched and funereal in their aspect; but even they are better than the neglected mining ventures in the north of Derbyshire, where you see huge mounds of soil thrown up, surmounted by rusting remains of machinery, dismal monuments of ruin, in a thoroughly dreary country, where the only sound that breaks the silence is the not too enlivening cry of the melancholy pewit. Nothing of the kind is to be seen at Laxe. There everything is lively, clean, and precise, with a good, healthy, paying air about it. The miners walk about with candles stuck in their hats, looking like so many Welshmen with their leeks upon St. David's Day. No chimneys, no smoke, no engine; for all the work of raising the ore, pumping, crushing, washing, is done by an admirably-contrived system of water-wheels, nine in number, varying from 30 to 120 horse power. The one represented in our Engraving is the largest of them—in fact, the largest in the world. It raises water from a depth of 184 yards; its diameter is 72 ft.; breadth of wheel 6 ft.; it has 168 buckets, 19 in. deep, each holding nine gallons of water. The axle-centre and crank together weigh 33 tons. It makes four revolutions per minute with its buckets only partly filled. It requires two quarts of oil per day to keep it in working order. Being painted bright red, and rising as it does from the bed of a mountain stream, it looks both gay and picturesque. The cost of erection was £3000. The whole of the wheels and the machinery connected with them were constructed from plans made by Mr. Robert Casement, a Manxman (a fact of which the natives are not a little proud), who is chief engineer to the company.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

There is scarcely any news from Paris; for, though it is believed that at the Cabinet Councils which have been held lately matters of high interest have been decided on, nothing reliable is known of their nature. It is reported that the Spanish Government has intimated its readiness to join the French Government in the recognition of the Southern Confederacy.

The Paris journals continue to discuss the position of the French Government with reference to its late allies, England and Austria, and its new friends, Russia and Prussia. The *Constitutionnel*, while throwing doubt on the story of the rupture with the former, gently hints that the *rapprochement* with the latter is a fact. The *Pays*, in a second article on the subject, asserts that the said *rapprochement* has come to nothing.

It is considered among financial circles that at the meeting of the Chambers in November M. Fould will be compelled to propose a loan of some considerable magnitude.

ITALY.

At Ronovero, on the 7th inst., the brigand chiefs Crocco, Ninco Nanco, Carusa, and Fortora presented themselves to the commandant of the Italian troops, requesting a safe conduct for 250 other brigands who had promised to give in their submission to the Government. The chiefs left for Lagopesole with cries of "Viva Victor Emmanuel!" and displaying the national flag.

Letters from Turin mention some facts which seem to indicate a more friendly and rational spirit on the part of Austria towards Italy. First, there is the disbanding of the Duke of Modena's army, which, the Emperor of Austria is reported to have said, was done by the new Austrian Constitution. Then, the Austrian army itself has been reduced in Italy by 30,000 men. Finally, in obedience to orders from Vienna, the port-captain at Trieste has recognised the Italian flag in his official capacity.

There are conflicting rumours as to the intention of France respecting the surrender of the brigands captured in the Aunis, and we must wait for authentic information. A Pontifical Consul at Genoa has received his passport, being compromised in intrigues in favour of Francis of Naples.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor returned to Vienna from Frankfurt on the 4th inst. The streets were decorated with the Austrian and German flags, and hung with garlands. Immense crowds saluted the Emperor with hearty cheers.

PRUSSIA.

A Royal decree dissolving the Chambers was published in Berlin on the 4th inst. The Ministerial report to the King, which precedes the decree, says:—

There is no prospect that further negotiations with the present Chamber of Deputies would lead to any understanding. His Majesty the King, before his departure, was pleased to express his concurrence with these views of the Ministry, but a definitive resolution was reserved until his Majesty's return. The state of things in Prussia since that time has not offered any ground for a change in the propositions of the Ministry which his Majesty had approved. On the other hand, tendencies have manifested themselves within the limits of the German Federal Constitution the evident aim of which is to reduce Prussia from that position as a great Power in Germany and Europe which is her well-earned inheritance from our forefathers, and which the Prussian people has at all times been determined not to relinquish. Under these circumstances, it will be incumbent on the Prussian people to give expression upon the occasion of the approaching new elections to the fact that no difference of political opinion is so deeply rooted in Prussia as to endanger the unity of the people and the immovable fidelity with which they are attached to the Royal House when placed in face of efforts tending to diminish the independence and dignity of Prussia.

The events of the last few days have only served to confirm us in our proposals; and as the new elections will require a period of two months, the measures approved by your Majesty in the sitting of the Council of Ministers held on the 16th of July must be executed without delay, in order to render it possible for the new Diet to be convoked to discuss the Budget within the current year.

RUSSIA.

The Grand Duke Constantine, accompanied by his family, is about to proceed to the Crimea. Another story, however, is that the Grand Duke, who has been paying a visit to Berlin, will come to

England, and remain here some time. It appears to be generally believed that his Imperial Highness is in disgrace at St. Petersburg, and will not return to his post as Governor of Poland. The Duke of Leuchtenberg is spoken of as his successor there.

The Paris journalists who gave to Europe the announcement of a Liberal Constitution for Russia and a free Poland in a free Russia are now prettily snubbed by the St. Petersburg official organ. The *Invalide Russe* totally denies the whole thing, and says that the conclusions drawn from this pretended news are as false as their premises. The Czar is thinking of nothing except suppressing the Polish insurrection by sheer force, and re-establishing order on the solid ground of a large and powerful army. For the rest, Russia will maintain herself within her treaty rights, and cares very little what foreign Powers may say or do. Such is the substance of the St. Petersburg declaration.

An Imperial decree, dated the 12th of August, orders that, from the 13th inst., the peasants of the Ukraine shall become proprietors of their land, and shall pay a certain amount as purchase-money to the State.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

At the date of our latest intelligence from China (July 22) political affairs were generally quiet. Cholera was raging at Shanghai. A treaty of commerce had been concluded between China and Denmark.

A civil war has commenced in Japan. The relations with foreigners are stated to be pacific.

MADAGASCAR.

According to intelligence published in the Paris journals, domestic strife has commenced in Madagascar. Two parties, the Hovas and the Sakalavas, confront each other. In an engagement which took place on the 13th of July 4000 Hovas were killed. The Sakalavas are desirous of avenging the assassination of King Radama II., and it was feared that they would shortly invade Tananarivo, from which they were but two and a half days' march distant. The Sakalavas occupy the hills around the town and its environs for the purpose of preventing the arrival of cattle.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

In Poland matters go on as usual: desultory fights, with varied results and horrible cruelties. The insurgent leader Sokolowski defeated General Kostanda at Kalisch on the 29th ult. The insurgents commanded by Chmielenski and Jaskra encountered the Russian forces at Olesznów, in the palatinate of Cracow, on the 3rd inst., and were compelled to retreat. Several engagements have taken place in the government of Plock. The Polish leader Wawer is organising new detachments. Massalski, Zelmicz, and Yocz have been shot by order of General Mouravieff. In Warsaw the Russian authorities are flying at very small game. A large number of tailors have been arrested, and three of them severely flogged, in order to extort from them the names of persons for whom they and others made insurgents' uniforms. The poor tailors having had a turn, the printers were in for it next. If any men should be patriots they are the printers, nor have the Polish "types" proved recalcitrant. In consequence of orders from the National Government, it is thought that the official journal of Warsaw must cease to make its appearance, for no printer will undertake to produce it.

The superior power of the unseen National Government continues to make itself felt. Its behests are obeyed with singular completeness by the officials of the Russian Government, who resign their offices at once when told to do so.

The *Invalide Russe* now admits that the insurrection, which had waned in June and July, has taken larger proportions than ever; and the St. Petersburg organ seems even to know that some districts hitherto undisturbed will shortly take part in the insurrection.

An Imperial ukase has been published conferring fresh dignities upon General Mouravieff, in recompense for his services.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

WAR NEWS.

The great topic in New York at the date of our last advices, the 29th ult., was the siege of Charleston, the state of affairs at which city will be found detailed in another column.

The army of General Rosencrantz reached the Tennessee River, opposite Chattanooga, on the 21st, and opened fire on the city at ten o'clock a.m. on that day. No damage resulted to the Confederate works, which are reported to be next to impregnable. The Confederates responded to the fire of the Federals with their light guns. The Federals report only one man wounded and none killed. One steamer lying at the wharf was sunk and another injured by the Federal shots. An attempt was made by the Federals to destroy a pontoon bridge which spanned the river, but was frustrated by the Confederate sharpshooters. General Joseph Johnston was in command of the Confederates, having superseded General Bragg on the 20th.

The Meridian (Mississippi) journals of the 15th state that the soldiers of General Pemberton's Vicksburg army are rapidly assembling at Dunopolis, their leave of absence having expired.

There is no news of any important change in the positions of the hostile armies in Virginia. It is asserted that Lee, largely reinforced, was preparing to invade Maryland.

GENERAL NEWS.

The desertions of substitutes for draughted men having become frequent in the Federal army, it is officially announced that in all such cases the extreme penalty of martial law will be administered.

The report that General Grant had opened the Mississippi trade to all loyal citizens was untrue.

President Davis had had a consultation with the Governors of the different Confederate States with reference to the arming of the slaves. The result of the deliberation was reported to be that 500,000 negroes were to be immediately called out and armed for the defence of the Confederacy. It was further rumoured that the slaves, in consideration of this service, were to receive their freedom and fifty acres of land each at the conclusion of the war.

The Confederates have handed General Neale Dow over to the civil authorities. The Federals, in consequence, will place a Confederate Brigadier-General in close confinement.

A large sloop of war of ten guns, flying the British flag, swept past the blockading steamers at Wilmington, North Carolina. She immediately afterwards hoisted the Confederate flag and entered the port. This is the fourth war-vessel which has run the blockade at that port within the last six weeks.

The *New York Daily News*, in commenting upon the use of the "Greek fire" in the siege of Charleston, says:—

Although, as an agent of destruction it has no equal, civilisation until now, by that tacit understanding among Christian nations which respects the use of unnatural weapons, has refrained from its employment even in the most bloody and desperate campaigns. It has been left for this Administration, which claims to be waging war in the name of philanthropy, to conjure up this liquid demon as a fit ally to their purpose of extermination. If a fleet of ironclads should appear in New York Harbour, and at the midnight hour should throw their deadly missiles bursting with liquid and unquenchable fire into the heart of this metropolis, while standing amid the ashes of our homes, and gazing upon the crisped and burning bodies of our wives and children, we could perhaps appreciate the savagism of that style of warfare.

Several New York journals urge the President to prepare for war with France on the Mexican question, and declare their belief that a treaty has been concluded between Mr. Jefferson Davis and the Emperor Napoleon for the cession of Texas as an equivalent for the recognition of the Confederate States and the granting of substantial aid. The *New York Herald*, concluding that the civil war will be ended when Charleston falls, which it assumes must happen immediately, has a grand scheme for arranging internal difficulties and paying off scores with the rest of the world. The seceded States are all to come back into the Union, a "happy family" is to be formed, the Federal and Confederate armies are to be amalgamated, and then formed into three grand divisions—one to maintain order

at home, one to drive the French out of Mexico, and the third to perform a like service for the British in Canada, and so realise the "Monroe doctrine in all its grand entirety."

THE DRAUGHT IN NEW YORK.

The draught was completed in New York, and, owing partly to the presence of 50,000 Federal troops and partly to the reliance of the poorer classes that, if draughted, the municipality would purchase their exemption, everything passed over quietly. A correspondent says:—"The process of hearing claims of exemption had commenced in some of the wards, with results that promise but little wool for all the cry that had been made. In one district only six available soldiers were procurable out of a list of sixty-six conscripts. Never had Queen Victoria so many avowed subjects in New York as she has at present, and never did physical infirmity, either of the gravest or the slightest kind, appear so precious in the estimation of the unhappy persons afflicted with it as it does now. The total returns of the city, when completed, will show some curious figures, and it already begins to be computed by those who devote attention to the matter that scarcely one tenth of the draughted men will ever don the Federal uniform. In the neighbouring State of Rhode Island, with a population at the last census of 174,260 persons, the draught has been completed, the claims of exemption heard and decided, and the result is nineteen soldiers! The remainder have either proved alienage, physical disability, non-liability from under or over age, or have paid their money or had it paid for them by their friends. If the State of New York be in the same mood as Rhode Island, and contain a similar proportion of aliens, cripples, sick and infirm persons, and heroes who prefer to serve their country with purse rather than person, Mr. Lincoln will draw from it a not very formidable regiment of 422 men! The population of New York is 3,880,735, and any schoolboy can work out the result on his slate by a simple sum in the rule of three."

Mayor Opdyke had vetoed the ordinance of the Courts of Aldermen and Common Council for the appropriation of 3,000,000 dollars to purchase the exemption of poor conscripts. He objects to exempt any person from the draught except firemen, policemen, and militiamen already in service, and these only because their presence was necessary for the preservation of the safety and peace of the city. He is willing to pay 300 dollars to the family of every poor conscript who may shoulder the musket, but will not consent to the appropriation of any sum whatever to provide a substitute for any man able to serve. The Common Council had resolved to pass the appropriation over the Mayor's veto.

The New York Board of Supervisors had passed an ordinance appropriating 2,000,000 dollars to exempt from the draught ununiformed militia, firemen, police, and heads of families. The Mayor had signed this ordinance, which was intended to supersede the vote of 3,000,000 dollars by the Common Council.

General Dix had published the correspondence between Governor Seymour and himself in relation to the enforcement of the draught. He sets forth that he applied to the Governor to know if the State militia could be depended upon for that purpose; and, failing to receive a satisfactory response, was compelled to make requisition of the War Department, which promptly forwarded the troops now stationed round the city.

An excited meeting of draughted Germans had been held in New York, at which the conscription was denounced as a cruel and inhuman measure, and organisations were urged against its consequences. A committee was appointed to confer with Governor Seymour and test the legality of the Act.

QUANTRELL'S RAID INTO KANSAS.

The Confederate guerrilla, Quantrell, entirely destroyed Lawrence, Kansas, on Aug. 20. The attack was made at midnight. Lawrence is principally inhabited by New England emigrants, between whom and their Missouri neighbours there were strong antagonistic feelings. It is supposed that the Lawrence massacre will lead to sanguinary border warfare. A despatch from Leavenworth, Kansas, dated Aug. 21, gives the following account of the affair:—

About six o'clock last evening the rebel guerrilla chief, Quantrell, with a force of 800 strong, crossed the Missouri River into Kansas, near the town of Gardner, sixty miles below here, and immediately started for Lawrence, arriving before that town at four o'clock this morning. Quantrell posted a guard around the town, so that the citizens could not escape, and with the remainder of his men commenced pillaging stores, shooting citizens, and firing houses. A gentleman who managed to escape and secrete himself in a cornfield near the town, reports that he saw the river at eight o'clock, and on reaching the bluffs this side had a plain view of the town, which was then a sheet of flames. From what he saw he thinks the loss had reached two millions of dollars, and by this time perhaps much more, as the rebels seemed determined to destroy everything that would burn. We cannot learn that any resistance was made, as the citizens were taken by surprise, the first alarm being the crackling of the flames and the yells of the rebel incendiaries.

A despatch dated the 22nd states that killed and wounded, so far as ascertained, numbered some one hundred and eighty. The houses that remained standing were filled with killed and wounded belonging to all classes of society, and in the ruins of the burned houses the charred remains of victims were constantly being found. Most of those who perished were killed instantly—prominent citizens in their own houses, with their wives and children clinging to them, while the murderers planted pistols at their breasts and shot them down. Among those shot dead are twenty-five negro recruits. In one case the guerrillas drove twelve men into a house, shot them, and burned the building; and the friends of those twelve men, while standing on the banks of the river, were fired at by the guerrillas and a number killed and wounded. The guerrillas took all the money that could be found in the pockets or houses of the citizens. According to the latest accounts, Quantrell retreated towards Missouri, burning and laying waste everything, but the band had been dispersed, and about thirty killed. General Ewing was in pursuit, and a more careful estimate placed the number of guerrillas at 300.

DEATH OF EARL BEAUCHAMP.—This venerable nobleman expired at his seat at Madresfield Court, Worcestershire, late on Tuesday night. The noble Earl, who was in his seventy-ninth year, had been for some time suffering from severe illness. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, Viscount Eimley, M.P. for West Worcestershire, and a vacancy therefore occurs in the representation of this county. The late Earl represented Worcestershire for nearly a quarter of a century, and, on succeeding to the title, his son, Viscount Eimley, was elected in his stead. There is a rumour current that the Hon. F. Lygon, the late Earl's second son, and now M.P. for Tewkesbury, will be proposed for West Worcestershire.

A WINKING MADONNA AT VICOVARO.—A new miracle of a winking Virgin has recently excited much attention at Vicovaro, in Italy; and a letter from Rome of Aug. 28 says that the extraordinary success of this miracle has so "o'erleapt" itself as to have led to a quarrel about the plunder between a priest and a bishop who bids fair to bring the miracle itself into dispute. The receipts of the church of Vicovaro since the Madonna took to winking in it have been on an average 3000 crowns (about £600) a week. The Bishop of Tivoli, in whose diocese the church is, put in a claim for a share of this sum, but this claim was resisted by the Curé. The latter seems to have the law on his side, for the Bishop, in despair of getting any money, now gives out that he has never seen the image wink its eyes, and that he doubts whether it does.

THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.—The monthly report of the Central Relief Committee is satisfactory. A great many operatives have availed themselves of the offer of agricultural work from the landowners in the neighbourhood. Many have left for the same work in adjacent counties. The pressure upon the relief fund and upon the rates has therefore much decreased, the present expenditure being only at the rate of £38,000 per month from the relief fund. The number of persons receiving relief either from the fund or from the rates, or from both, is 205,000. The cotton report is an improvement. When we give the numbers it must be admitted that nobody could possibly have expected, at the commencement of this great manufacturing catastrophe, that the cotton manufacture could have recovered itself to the extent it has done so soon. It looked like a total downfall; but the numbers now are 242,000 at full work, 120,000 at short work, out of work 171,000. This is an addition of 100,000 at full work since February last. The committee anticipate an improvement upon this next year, even on the supposition of the American war continuing, "though it cannot be hoped that the supplies from other parts of the world in 1864 will be sufficient to place all the mills upon full time."

MR. SEWARD ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR IN AMERICA.

MR. W. H. SEWARD has addressed another of his voluminous circulars to the United States' Consuls in Europe on the course of the war and the present condition of the hostile armies. The document begins as follows:—

Department of State, Washington, Aug. 12.
Sir,—Whenever the United States have complained of the premature decrees of Great Britain and France, which accorded the character of a belligerent to the insurgents, the statesmen of those countries have answered that from the first they agreed in opinion that the efforts of the Government to maintain the Union and preserve the integrity of the Republic could not be successful. With a view to correct this prejudgment of so vital a question, I addressed a circular letter to the Representatives of the United States in foreign countries on the 14th day of April, 1862, in which I reviewed the operations of the war on sea and land, and presented the results which had attended it down to that period. The prejudice which I then attempted to remove still remains, and it constitutes the basis of all that is designedly or undesignedly injurious to this country in the policy of foreign nations. The insurgents have been enabled to protract their resistance by means of the sympathy and aid they have received from abroad, and the expectation of further and more effective foreign assistance is now their chief resource. A new effort, therefore, to correct that prejudice is demanded, equally by a prudent concern for our foreign relations and by the paramount interests of peace and humanity at home.

Mr. Seward admits that in August, 1862, the Union armies in Virginia sustained severe and appalling reverses, but they resulted in the reunion with that army of the army from the peninsula below Richmond. The invasion of Maryland was accordingly checked by the battle of Sharpsburg, which was well sustained on both sides, the numbers being nearly equal:—

The arrogant assumption of superior valour and heroism which the insurgents had brought into the contest and had cherished throughout its early stages perished on that sanguinary field. The insurgent army, shattered in the conflict, abandoned the invasion of Maryland and sought refuge and opportunity to recover its wasted strength in Virginia, behind its accustomed barrier, the Potomac.

While this was going on in Maryland, Bragg was menacing Louisville and Cincinnati, but had to retreat, with severe losses, after the obstinate and bloody battle of Perryville. Van Dorn and Price, in Mississippi and Alabama, intending to invade Western Tennessee and Kentucky, were defeated, before even reaching those places, by Rosecranz, at Corinth.

General Rosecranz, called to succeed General Buell in command of the army of the Cumberland, then entered Nashville, which the insurgents had before invested in carrying out their general scheme of invasion. He raised the siege and prepared for offensive action. In the last days of the year he issued from Nashville and delivered a sanguinary battle at Stone River, which gave him possession of Murfreesboro'. Bragg retreated to Shelbyville and Tullahoma, and there again rested and entrenched. A long period of needed rest was now employed by the respective parties in increasing the strength and efficiency of their armies; but this repose was broken by frequent skirmishes and by cavalry expeditions, which penetrated hostile regions sometimes hundreds of miles, and effected breaches of military connections and a destruction of military stores upon an extensive scale, while they kept up the spirit of the troops and hardened them for more general and severe conflicts.

Mr. Seward next describes the campaign which ended in the capture of Vicksburg, which capture, he says, was as remarkable as the famous one made by Napoleon at Ulm. Next, the taking of Port Hudson and Banks's campaigns after taking the command which had been held by Butler, and especial reference is made to the capacity shown by the negro regiments at the Port Hudson siege. The attack on Charleston "is now in progress with good prospect of ultimate success." The action between the Atlanta (the most formidable ironclad of the Confederates) and the Weehawken, in which the Atlanta was taken, is referred to with satisfaction.

Mr. Seward then describes the campaign in Virginia from the battle of Sharpsburg to Lee's last retreat across the Potomac. Of the battle of Fredericksburg he says, "General Burnside's assault upon Lee's well-fortified position failed. He skillfully re-crossed the river without loss." Of the battle of Chancellorsville—

General Hooker crossed the Rappahannock and accepted a battle which proved equally sanguinary to both parties and unsuccessful to the army of the Potomac. The heights of Fredericksburg were captured by General Sedgewick's corps, but the whole army was compelled to return to the north bank of the river.

Of the battle of Gettysburg and Lee's subsequent retreat:—

The two armies met at Gettysburg in Pennsylvania, and, after a fierce contest of three days' duration, and terrible slaughter on both sides, the insurgents recoiled from the position held by General Meade, who had then been only four days in command of the army of the Potomac. On the 4th of July, the day of the surrender of Vicksburg, Lee retreated, passing through Chambersburg and Hagerstown to Williamsport, where the proper disposition to attack him was made by General Meade. Deceived concerning the state of the river, supposed to be unfordable, General Meade, hourly expecting reinforcements, delayed the attack a day too long, and the insurgents, partly by fording and partly by floating bridges, succeeded in withdrawing across the river by night, with their artillery and a great part of their baggage. Much of this baggage, as well as of the plunder which Lee had collected, was destroyed by cavalry, or thrown out of the wagons to make room for the wounded whom Lee carried off from the battle-field. He had buried most of his dead of the first day of the conflict at Gettysburg. The remainder, together with those who fell on the second and third days of the battle, in all 4500, were buried by the victorious army. Many thousand insurgents, wounded and captives, fell into the hands of General Meade. It is not doubted that this second unsuccessful invasion cost the insurgents 40,000 men. Our own loss was severe, for the strife was obstinate and deadly. General Meade crossed the Potomac. Lee retired again to Gordonsville, where he is now understood to be in front of our forces.

Mr. Seward then refers to Rosecranz's advance towards Chattanooga, and the cavalry expeditions of General Stoneman and Colonel Grierson, concluding his review of the campaign by an account of the capture of Morgan.

Mr. Seward concludes as follows:—

This review of the campaign shows that no great progress has been made by our arms in the east. The opposing forces there have been too equally matched to allow great advantages to accrue to either party, while the necessity of covering the national capital in all contingencies has constantly restrained our Generals and forbidden such bold and dangerous movements as usually conduct to brilliant military success. In the west, however, the results have been more gratifying. 50,000 square miles have been reclaimed from the possession of the insurgents. On referring to the annexed map, it will be seen that since the breaking out of the insurrection the Government has extended its former sway over and through a region of 200,000 square miles—an area as large as Austria or France or the peninsula of Spain and Portugal. The insurgents lost in the various field and siege operations of the month of July, which I have described, one third of their whole force.

Jefferson Davis, the leader of the secession, has since proclaimed a levy of all the able-bodied men within his military lines. This, if carried into effect, will exhaust the whole material of which soldiers can be made. The insurgents estimate the total number of conscripts thus to be gained at from 70,000 to 95,000. Our armies now confront the insurgents at all points with superior numbers. A draught for 300,000 more is in progress to replace those whose terms of service have expired, and to fill up the evidence of the of our veteran regiments; and the people, just so fast as the evidence of necessity for that measure is received and digested, submit with cheerfulness to the ascertained demands. Our armies everywhere are well equipped, abundantly fed, and supplied with all the means of transportation. The soldiers of two years' service bear themselves as veterans, and show great steadiness in every conflict. The men, accustomed to the camp and hardened by exercise and experience, make marches which would have been impossible in the beginning of the contest. The nation is becoming familiar with arms, and easily takes on the habits of war. Large voluntary enlistments continually augment our military force. All supplies are abundantly and cheaply purchased within our lines. The country shows no sign of exhaustion of money, material, or men. A requisition for 6200 re-mount horses was filled and the animals dispatched from Washington at the average rate 1,200,000 daily. Gold sells in our market at 123 to 128, while in the insurrectionary region it commands 1200 per cent premium.

Every insurgent port is either blockaded, besieged, or occupied by the national forces. The field of the projected Confederacy is divided by the Mississippi. All the fortifications on its banks are in our hands, and its flood is patrolled by the Federal fleet.

Missouri, Kentucky, Delaware, Maryland—all slave States—support the Federal Government. Missouri has already in convention ordained the gradual abolition of slavery to take effect at the expiration of seven years. Gradual abolition of slavery, two thirds of Virginia, the coasts and sounds of North Carolina, half of Mississippi, and half of Louisiana, with all their large cities, part of Alabama, and the whole seacoast of Georgia and South Carolina, and no inconsiderable part of the coast of Florida, are held by the United States. The insurgents, with the slaves whom they yet hold in

defiance of the President's proclamation, are now crowded into the central and southern portions of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, while the pioneer slaveholding insurgents beyond the Mississippi are cut off from the main force. On the other hand, although it is less than six months since the laws or customs of the United States would allow a man of African descent to bear arms in defence of his country, there are now in the field 22,000 regularly enlisted, armed, and equipped soldiers of that class, while 50 regiments of 1000 each are in process of organisation, and 62,800 persons of the same class are employed as teamsters, labourers, and camp followers. These facts show that, as the insurrection continues, the unfortunate servile population, which was at the beginning an element of its strength, is being transferred to the support of the Union.

IRELAND.

AN IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT.—A gentleman named Wallace has performed a drainage feat in the county of Roscommon which affords a striking instance of what may be done in the reclamation of the useless and sterile tracts of land that abound in many parts of Ireland by the judicious employment of capital combined with skill and perseverance. About five years ago Mr. Wallace purchased an estate on which was a lake called Corkip, or Keoghville, covering 137 acres and containing several islands, with a depth of water varying from 5 ft. to 16 ft. Some attempts had been made by former proprietors to drain this lake, but they were frustrated by the obstinacy of other landlords and the superstition of the peasantry. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Wallace employed forty or fifty men and made an arterial cut two and a half miles long connecting the lake with the river at Milltown Pass. This cut is 4 ft. wide at bottom and 13 ft. at top, and in some places 18 ft. deep. For a mile it passes through solid rock, which had to be blasted. The result is that the lake has disappeared, and in its place is a large tract of rich alluvial soil, giving every promise of luxuriant vegetation.

A FACTION FIGHT.—At the Killaloe Petty Sessions, a few days ago, eighteen persons were summoned for having been engaged in a faction fight on the 26th ult. Two families, named Connell and Skeban, had a long-standing dispute about the right to an acre of land, resulting in protracted litigation and many collisions. They are all related as first and second cousins. The priest and the landlord vainly sought to reconcile them—the latter even divided the piece of land between them—but all to no purpose. Whenever they met they fought; and at a place called Fabybridge, on the day mentioned, they had an engagement which completely eclipsed all that had preceded it. The fight was originated by the Skebans. Among other acts, it was sworn that a lad, about sixteen or seventeen, went behind Michael Connell with a stone and felled him to the ground. The fight then raged with indescribable fury. Pitchforks and other weapons were used; and such was the fury of the combatants that they broke the handles of some of the instruments on each other's persons; loaded whip-handles prostrated those they struck; and stones flew thickly in every occasion. The mêlée ended at length, more through the exhaustion of both parties than any other cause. Many of the combatants were left senseless on the ground.

SCOTLAND.

FALKIRK TRYST.—The second of these great markets for the season was held on Monday on the usual stance of Stenhousemuir. The general stock was considerably short of late years at this time. The stock of blackfaced sheep was most unprecedently small. The show of blackfaced wethers was the heavier portion, there being a very short supply of ewes of the same breed. The Cheviots of both kinds—wethers and ewes—were rather a large show for this season. The general stock was in fair condition, considering the unpropitious state of the weather during the night, and the rain continued to fall until about eight o'clock. Although trade was in general dull, good animals brought fair prices, more particularly in the morning.

THE PROVINCES.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES.—The committee of the National "Eisteddfod" of Wales gave a prize this year of twenty guineas and a gold medal for the best ode, "In memory of the late Prince Consort, Albert the Good." The prize was denominated the "Chair Prize," because it was the first in bardic importance on the list, and it would entitle the successful author to the highest privileges in connection with the bardic order. The chief poets of the principality competed, and the competition was a very keen one. The Rev. W. Ambrose, Independent Minister, Portmadoc, Carnarvonshire, was the successful author; and it is understood that the ode will be printed and a copy presented to her Majesty.

BETTING ON THE AMERICAN WAR.—An immense number of bets have been made in Southampton, during the American struggle, between the sympathisers with the North and those who are for the South. In fact, books have been made upon every particular struggle between the belligerents. One of the most amusing wagers was a new hat that the Federals would enter Richmond before the Confederates entered Washington. As both parties to the bet have heads of the same size, a new hat was at once ordered to be made and kept till the bet was decided. When Lee crosses to the north of the Potomac, or the Federals cross to the south of that river, the fate of the hat excites the greatest curiosity. The siege of Vicksburg caused a large number of transactions, the Southern sympathisers betting freely that the town could not be captured. A bushel of ripe apples, of a new sort, grown at Woodlands, in the New Forest, was laid that the great fortress on the Mississippi could not be taken, and the winner has just received the "Vicksburg pippins," as they have been named. The current odds are that the steam-rails will escape from Laird's, and get into the hands of the Confederates.

SUNDAY HAYMAKING.—An extraordinary scene was witnessed in Leigh, on Friday week, and created much excitement and indignation. Mr. Superintendent Orion, the informer and prosecutor of a number of farmers and others for saving a quantity of hay from an impending storm on a Sunday, accompanied by a large body of policemen collected from the adjacent districts, proceeded to execute five warrants of distress on the goods and chattels of the recusants. The parties selected for punishment are all small farmers, who not only characterise the prosecutions as invidious and uncalled for, but are advised on good legal authority that the convictions are illegal. The convictions are invidious because at the very same Sessions the very same magistrates had before them six labourers for getting coal out of the canal on the Sunday, but dismissed the charge on the ground that the work was one of necessity. The defendants are advised that the convictions are bad, and the whole proceedings illegal, among other reasons, because the section setting forth who shall not work on Sundays does not include farmers in its category, and the Act specially excludes works of necessity and charity. None of the persons who assisted in getting in the hay as neighbours, and who were convicted of "aiding and abetting," have been levied upon. The warrants are issued on the goods and chattels of Messrs. Peter Cleworth, John Cleworth, Joseph Cleworth, Robert Howarth, and Joseph Batterby, and are signed by Mr. Richard Guest. Detachments of officers were sent to the residences of the five defendants to "take possession," and Mr. Superintendent Orion and some of the officers proceeded on their levying mission. Their first visit was to Messrs. P. and J. Cleworth's, near the Leigh vicarage. A valuable cow was taken possession of by the police and driven away. The police then proceeded to Mr. Joseph Cleworth's, in Bradshawgate, where they obtained a sofa for their booty. After lodging this spoil in the Town-hall they proceeded to the residence of Joseph Batterby, in Back-lane, Westleigh, and formally demanded £1 3s. The house and premises bore evident signs of most abject poverty, and Batterby's wife informed the officers that they had much more need to bring them something than take anything from them. She added, "If I had been the gentleman that sent you I would have lost it out of my own pocket before I would have distressed such as us. My husband is as sober and hard-working a man as any in the parish, and he was only trying to save our bit of hay, and get us a bit of bread, for we are badly enough off. We have not a blanket on our beds, neither under nor over, and it is hard if we must be distressed when we have done nothing wrong." Mr. Orion withdrew his men, informing Mrs. Batterby that they would not remove anything. The police then proceeded to Mr. Robert Howarth's house, near Westleigh Mill. When the defendant declined to pay, Mr. Orion said, "I seize this chest of drawers in the Queen's name." A handsome chest of drawers was then removed by the police. Although a considerable number of people were present at each seizure, the utmost order was preserved by all. A subscription has been commenced for the purpose of assisting the defendants in testing the validity of the convictions.

THE SIEGE OF HERAT.—The following details of the siege of Herat have been received by way of the Gulf of Persia:—"The Emir, Dost Mahomed Khan, gained possession of the place on the 27th of May. For some weeks before, famine, and the terror inspired by his name, had caused considerable desertion among the garrison, and on the 26th day of the besieged went to his camp and informed him that the garrison had been so reduced that most of the posts had been abandoned. Dost Mahomed concluded that the moment had arrived for the assault, and on the following day he easily obtained possession of all the gates, when Shah Navras Khan, the new Prince of Herat, took refuge in the fortress with fifteen of his relations and a handful of soldiers. This last place was soon taken, and the vanquished, loaded with chains, were sent to Cabul with their families. The town was given up to the fury of the soldiers, and the pillage continued during the whole day. More than two hundred persons who were suspected of having concealed their money were put to the torture and obliged to confess where it was. This was fated to be the last triumph of Dost Mahomed; for in ten days after, feeling his death approaching, he sent for his sons and the principal chiefs of his army, and placed his own turban on the head of his eldest son, Chir Ali Khan, and also gave him his sabre, his charger, and his Koran, and ordered all present to recognise him as Sovereign, and threatened with his curse all who should hesitate to do so. In a short time after he expired. All the Princes appeared to conform to the last wishes of the deceased except one, who thought he could rely on the corps of 3000 men placed under his command, but they went over to Chir Ali."

AJMER.

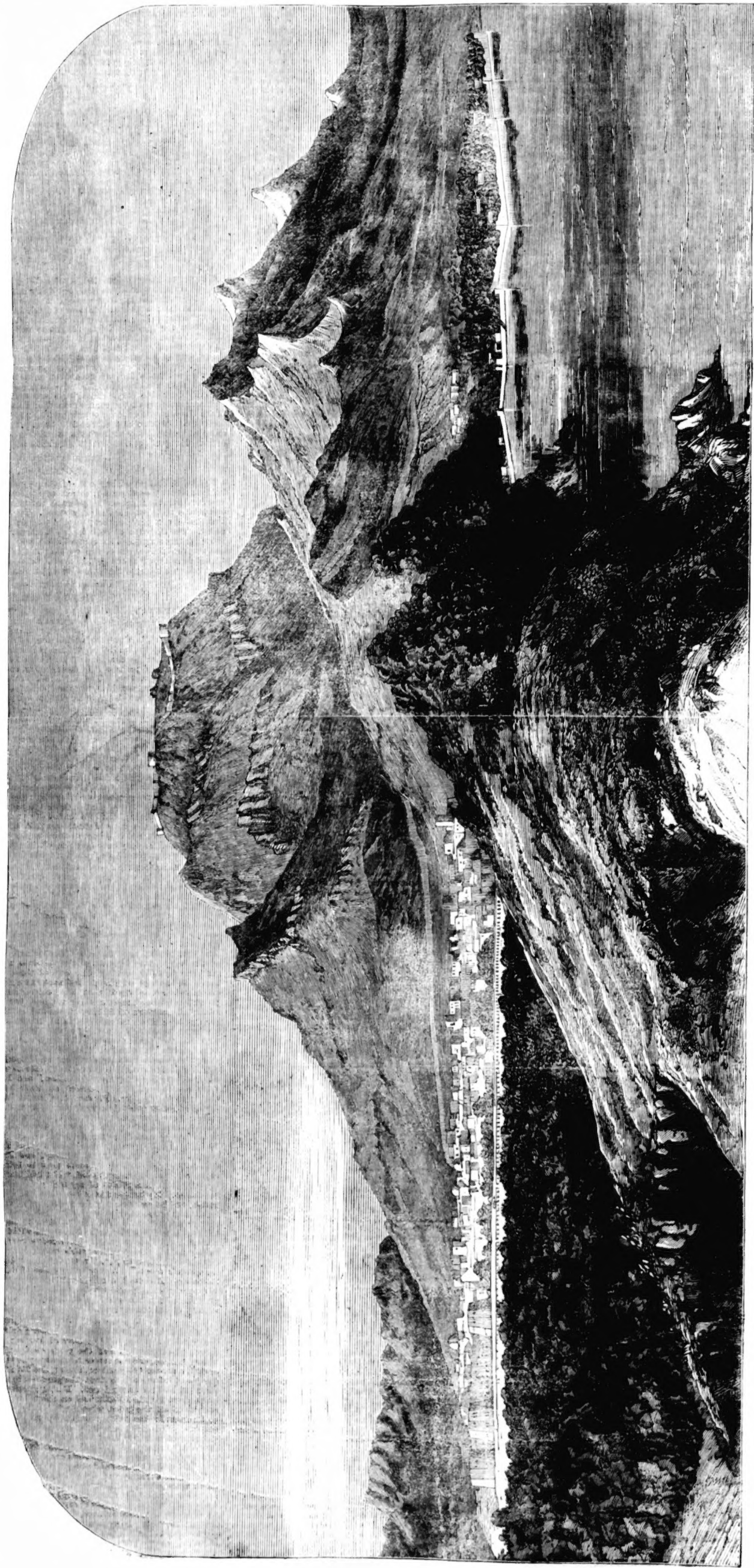
The city of Ajmere, the place where Nana Sahib has been captured, is the capital of a small British possession of the same name, situated in the heart of Rajpootana, a country composed of a number of petty States, all more or less inimical to British rule. It is a locality till now almost unknown to English ears, but in itself it is very remarkable. Our Engraving shows the town of Ajmere, with its native fort. The two towers close to each other are on each side of the main gateway. It is no longer in native hands, and is used as a magazine or arsenal. High above it rises the hill and fort known by the name of Taraghur, or the "house of the star."

positionally so called by the natives from its height. It is occupied by the invalids from the European military forces in the surrounding districts. From its great elevation the air is bracing and free from the malarial vapours of the low ground round the town. The lake on the right of the Engraving is called Ana Sauger, and is five miles round, very deep, and swarms with fish and alligators. It is on a higher level than the town, and is kept within its bounds by an embankment joining the spaces between the small hills running down the centre. The gardens on the border of the lake are magnificent, and in them are built large and elegant marble palaces, the balconies and windows of some overhanging the water.

These form a delightful midday retreat from the intense heat of a hot Indian summer, especially when kept cool by the sweet-scented mists of khushk-grass hung before the doors and windows, which are plentifully watered all day, and through which the hot breezes enter and become in transit gratefully cool. The gardens abound with every species of Indian fruit, and with peaches, apricots, and a small degenerate apple.

To the left of the town runs the road to Nusserabad, a cantonment where are stationed some European and native troops, and which was the scene of the mutiny of the Bengal soldiers, who captured the native artillerymen's guns, and were so bravely charged by the officers and men

of the 1st Bombay Lancers, many of the former being killed in the gallant but futile charge. The spoils of this force are still stated, by the Nana Sahib, to be in Saloomba and other hill forts round about. The aspect of Taraghur may give an idea of the strength of these native forts, built on almost inaccessible heights, and with few weak points. The town of Ajmere is a place where, of all others, the Nana would be secure. The natives do not like the British, and the town is filled with devotees and fakirs. The temples of the celebrated sect of Jains are also here, a caste who hold life in such esteem that the more strict walk about with a kind of muslin respirator before their mouths, in order to exclude any



AJMER, WHERE THE REPUTED NANA SAHIB WAS CAPTURED.

unfortunate insect that might otherwise be inhaled and murdered. Notwithstanding this tenderness of heart, the whole race of them would look on with joy at the torture to death of any number of Europeans. On the further side of the lake is a road which leads through a difficult mountain pass to a holy locality, called Pokhur. This is merely a village with a lake teeming with alligators, old and young, which animals are held in such veneration by the inhabitants and visitors to this fashionable watering-place that any one disturbing them would be in danger of his life. There are here, also, many temples and holy shrines, and from some of these steps lead to the lake. Many instances occur of devotees being caught by the alligators while bathing on these steps; and rumour goes so far as to say that when there is not the usual amount of accidental victims a few are

helped in by the priesthood. The chief curiosity of this place is that in the autumn, for three days, an immense holy fair is held, to which devotees, fakirs, and Jogees flock from every quarter of India. The population consists of 3000 inhabitants; but for these three days 80,000 is a common number for it to mount up to. They come in every manner and conveyance—on bullocks, horses, asses, on foot, many measuring the road with their length, rather a tedious operation, but often performed for more than 1000 miles, others sitting on the road and pushing themselves on by their hands, &c. Like a swarm of locusts they come on the first day and disappear on the third.

In the centre of the town is a chibootra, or raised terrace, on which as many as three hundred devotees may be seen sitting in every conceivable

attitude and dress, or rather undress, many being without a vestige of clothing save dust and ashes; and some lying on beds of iron spikes—rather an uneasy description of couch; and many in attitudes taken in respect of vows to remain thus for so long a time. Pokhur is also for the three days a large horse-fair, where many remounts are purchased for the cavalry and artillery in the Rajpootana districts. Such being the state of affairs in and about Ajmere, and taking into consideration the disaffection of the native chiefs and followers, we think it not unlikely that Nana Sahib should have chosen it as one of his visiting places, and should have been a welcome guest in the beautiful carved stone temples of the Jains; and we have every reason to hope and believe that we have at length captured the veritable man.

WOUNDED POLES.

The sufferings of the wounded after a battle, whether the conflict has been on a large or a small scale, is ever a sad spectacle; and this is more especially the case when the amenities and appliances of civilized warfare are absent. Our Engraving depicts a number of wounded Polish insurgents being brought home to their village, where it is certain that but few means of alleviating their sufferings are likely to be found, and where even the Russians may not leave them in peace to recover or to die. According to report, numerous instances occur in which, after the excitement of battle is over and humane feelings might be expected to have some sway, the Muscovite troops torture and kill their disabled opponents. We trust the party portrayed in M. Carcull's sketch met with better fortune than this.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

The capture of Charleston, "the cradle of secession," has been a favourite idea with the Federals from the commencement of the struggle in America; and various measures have been adopted with the view of accomplishing this object. First, a blockade of the harbour was established, but that did not prevent blockade-runners from getting in; next, the attempt was made to destroy the harbour by sinking vessels laden with granite in the main channel leading to it, but that failed; then there was an attack by Admiral Dupont with the monitors, but that was repulsed; lastly, there has been the regular siege under the direction of General Gilmore, and that may perhaps result, if not in the capture, at least in the destruction, of the obnoxious city. It is not difficult to understand the feeling that actuates the Government and people of the North in their desire to obtain possession of Charleston. South Carolina, of which Charleston is the principal city, has always been noted for her determined assertion of State rights, the protection of which was one of the ostensible grounds of secession, and to destroy which seems to be a leading aim of Mr. Lincoln's Government; and the first overt act of "rebellion" was committed at Charleston, when Major Anderson and his garrison were driven out of Fort Moultrie and Sumter. Hence it has become a point of honour as well as of revenge to reduce the Charlestonians to subjection. After various attempts upon the city had failed, it was resolved to lay siege to it in regular fashion, and General Gilmore accordingly effected a lodgment upon Morris Island, one of the numerous islands and sandbanks which lie in the channels leading to Charleston Harbour. The Confederates, however, had not overlooked the importance of this position; and, though they were unable to prevent General Gilmore from seizing one end of the island, they had erected Fort Wagner on the other, and this delayed the Federal operations for a considerable time. The latest intelligence reports that this fort and Fort Sumter have been battered to pieces by the Federal guns, fired both from the land and from the ironclads, and that, if they have



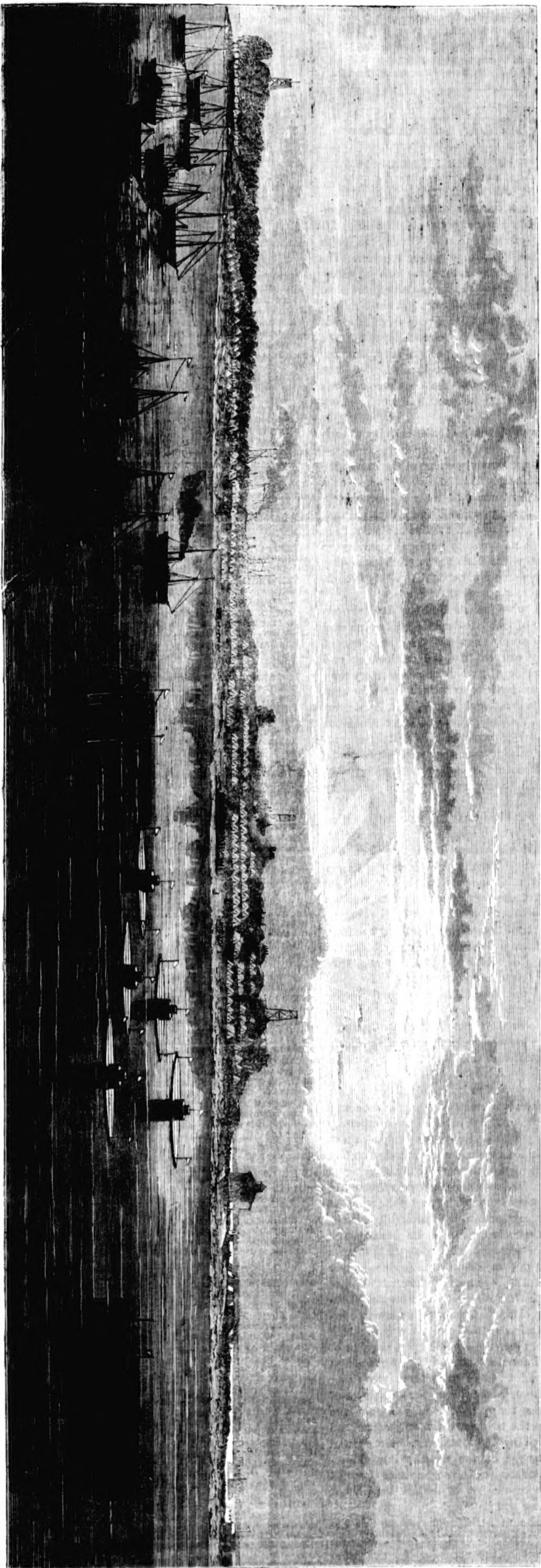
THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.—WOUNDED INSURGENTS BROUGHT BACK TO THEIR VILLAGE.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. CARPIUS.)

not been evacuated, they are rendered untenable. The city of Charleston itself has been shelled, and "missiles," containing what is described as "Greek fire," have been thrown amongst the houses from a distance of between 3000 and 4000 yards. After a bombardment of several days, lasting from the 17th to the 23rd of August, Fort Sumter was reduced to

ruins. "Its guns were all disabled, and the Federal shot made a clean sweep of the place. Colonel Rhett, who commanded the fort, was ordered, however, to hold it to the last. On the 22nd, General Gilmore demanded the surrender of the fort and Morris Island, threatening to bombard Charleston if his demand were not complied with. General Beauregard

can retain them and foil the enemy, that glorious victory will amply compensate for all the injury which bombs can do to empty houses." The following despatch from General Gilmore, addressed to General Halleck, and dated the 24th, gives a report of his proceedings up to that

replied that General Gilmore was guilty of a violation of the laws of war, and promised retaliation. The next day, however, General Gilmore gave notice to non-combatants to leave the town; and, on the 24th, fire was opened upon it, several shots filled with Greek fire taking effect. The foreign Consuls protested that time enough had not been allowed for the removal of non-combatants, and General Beauregard asked for a truce of forty hours." General Gilmore replied by redemanding the surrender of the forts; the result of which demand is not stated, though a report, which, however, was not credited, stated that both forts were surrendered on the 24th. It is more probable that the Confederates, if they abandoned Forts Wagner and Sumter at all, retired to the defences near to the city of which there are several, with the intention of prolonging the contest from there. The inhabitants are reported to have left the city in great numbers, and the Confederates seem determined to resist at this point to the last. The ruins of Fort Sumter are commanded by the guns of Fort Moultrie, which prevented the Federals from taking possession of them, and, consequently, but a small force of not more than twenty men was posted in what remained of the work for the purpose of keeping the Confederate flag flying, which was shot away every few hours. Confederate accounts state that during seven days' bombardment of Sumter by the battery of Parrott guns, which were distant 2½ miles, 4900 shots were fired, out of which 2623 took effect. The *Richmond Examiner* of the 21th ult. says that the loss of Sumter is but of slight moment, as the harbour is effectually defended by new fortifications. The same journal continues:—"Charleston will be shelled; but that will be a circumstance of minor importance in the successful defence of its fortifications and harbour. If we



MORRIS ISLAND, CHARLESTON HARBOUR, SHOWING THE ENCAMPMENT OF FEDERAL TROOPS AND GENERAL GILMORE'S ADVANCED WORKS.

Sir,—I have the honour to report the practical demolition of Sumter as the result of our seven days' bombardment of that work, including two days of which a powerful north-east storm most seriously diminished the accuracy of our fire. Fort Sumter is to-day a shapeless, harmless mass of ruins. My chief of artillery, Colonel M. Turner, reports its destruction complete—that it is no longer of any avail in the defence of Charleston. He also says that by a longer fire it could be made more completely a ruin and a mass of broken masonry, but it could scarcely be made more powerless for the defence of the harbour. Breaching batteries were located at distances varying between 3330 and 4245 yards from the work, and now remain as efficient as ever. I deem it unnecessary at present to continue their fire on the ruins of Sumter. I have also, at great labour and under a heavy fire from James Island, established batteries on our left, within range of the heart of Charleston, and have opened with them, after giving General Beauregard due notice of my intention to do so. The projectiles from my batteries entered the city; and General Beauregard himself designates them as the most destructive missiles ever used in war.

The *New York Herald* correspondent, writing on the 21st ult., gives the following description of the Federal works on Morris Island:—

As the works on Morris Island—both for offensive and defensive operations—afford material for an important portion of the history of the siege, I shall endeavour to describe with minuteness their positions and form of construction. In doing so I will commence with the parallels, the first works erected by General Gilmore after taking possession of the island. The parallels, considered by themselves, are three in number, each of them extending from the beach on the right to the marsh on the left. The first is distant from Fort Wagner 1200 yards, and from Fort Sumter about two miles. The second and principal parallel is so constructed that its left is 607 yards from Wagner, and the right 750 yards. The third and last parallel is 425 yards from Wagner. The parallels are not built directly at right angles with the length of the island, but in an oblique direction, the highest points resting on the marsh. The topography of the island made it necessary to give them that direction, about one half of the surface being marshy ground. The rifle-pits, which form the foundation of the first parallel, were thrown up shortly after our troops gained possession of the lower part of the island, under the superintendence of the engineer officers of General Gilmore's staff. They were constructed in a single night, and used first in the attack on Wagner on the 18th of July. The interstices were subsequently filled in, and the first parallel erected. It is situated two miles from Lighthouse Inlet, is 225 yards in length, and has been the means of enabling much valuable service to be performed, although during the action, in consequence of the advance works, it has been of secondary importance.

The next step taken was the building of approaches or trenches which should connect the first and second parallels. That work was finished in a brief space of time, the workmen having been protected by guns mounted on the first parallel. Next was constructed the second and main parallel, used both for offensive and defensive operations. It has a length of 325 yards, and, perhaps, of itself, may be considered as simply a defensive work, as the siege guns which are used in the offensive are mounted on earthworks just at the rear. Beyond the second parallel are other trenches leading to the third parallel, which is the shortest of them all, being but 100 yards in length. Its distance from Fort Sumter is 3350 yards. The third parallel is the advance work, and is used to protect the sharpshooters.

Apart from the parallels, and at the left of them, are earthworks which contained guns of heavy calibre. Their mean distance from Sumter is 4100 yards. It is a very formidable work, and its guns did a vast deal of execution. Still further to the left, and on the marsh, is another earthwork which faces Sumter. It is reached by means of a small creek, which passes it at the left, and flows into Lighthouse Inlet. It was the last of the fortifications constructed, and its sudden appearance one morning must have caused considerable surprise in the enemy's camp, he little suspecting that his foe would venture to mount guns on that particular spot.

The works above mentioned embrace all that were constructed by General Gilmore on Morris Island. In the progress of their erection a number of lives were lost and several men wounded; but the casualties, viewing the amount of work performed, were comparatively few.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The show of autumn flowers and fruit was held on Wednesday at the society's gardens, Kensington. The number of visitors was not large, and the great majority appeared to be persons immediately interested in the trade of nurserymen and florists. The display of fruit was pronounced to be very splendid. Indeed, we are assured that such a show at this time of the year was never seen here. The flowers were singularly beautiful, though the roses looked somewhat shorn of their original bloom. The schedule for competition put forth by the council comprised twelve classes of flowers and fifteen classes of fruits. For these upwards of 350 entries were made.

L'ANCIENNE NOBLESSE.—During the last week the French nobility has lost four ladies of the highest rank, and whose families belong to the oldest of the great aristocracy:—1, La Marquise de Mortemart, née Anne de Montmorency; 2, La Comtesse de Béthune, née Flaminie Doria; 3, La Comtesse de Moray; and 4, La Marquise de Grammont (non Gramont), daughter of the Duc de Crillon, the last of the French descendants of the noble friend of Henri IV. It must be borne in mind that the Gramonts are altogether a different family from the Gramonts, to which the Duc de Guiche and the Duc de Cadore belong, although they are often indiscriminately written, pronounced, and generally confounded. It is generally believed that the Montmorencies descend from the first Christian Baron are extinct; but there are two ladies who still represent the elder branch—La Comtesse de La Châtre and La Marquise de Biencourt. The branch of Montmorency Luxembourg still exists in the person of the Duchess who bears the latter title.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.—A rather singular incident occurred two nights since at an open-air concert in the Champs Elysées, Paris. A creditor met one of his debtors in the garden, and expressed his determination to accompany him home, watch his house till daylight, and then have him arrested. When the concert was over, a crowd followed the two enemies to see whether the debtor, a much younger and more active man than his creditor, would not give him the slip. As they were going along, a person exclaimed:—"What a stupid fellow that creditor must be! Why does not he collar his debtor and make a disturbance, so that the sergeant de ville might arrest both and lock them up for the night?" The creditor followed the advice, but not with any great success, for the debtor managed to get away in the scuffle, thanks to the aid of sympathising bystanders, while the creditor and his officious counsellor were taken into custody for a breach of the peace and marched off to the nearest police-station.

MEMORIAL TO THE PRINCE CONSORT AT NOTTINGHAM.—A painted east window has just been inserted in St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, as a memorial to the Prince Consort. It is described as "a superb work of art, worthy of the town and of the exalted character of the good and virtuous Prince of whom it will be a monument. The east window of St. Mary's is one of fine perpendicular design. It is divided vertically by two large, or, as they are termed by architects, 'superior' mullions, into three main compartments, which are again subdivided by lesser mullions into nine smaller compartments. These are again divided into thirty-six lights, each admitting the introduction of stained glass, with figures of almost, if not fully, life size. The upper part or head of the window also contains twenty-six openings of various sizes. The tracery is filled with the arms of England quartered with those of Saxo-Gotha, and directly below are Prince Albert's own arms. On the left, in the upper compartment, are the Nottingham arms; and on the right, in the corresponding position, are the arms of the diocese of Lincoln. Each heraldic emblem is at the apex of its respective division. Below the coats-of-arms mentioned are four angels bearing scrolls, representing Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance—virtues which eminently distinguished the deceased Prince. In the central compartment, which consists of a series of single lights, are figures of the four Evangelists, with their distinctive emblems. The principal divisions at each side are filled with eight pictures of Scripture subjects, each picture being carried through four lights or openings and surmounted with roses and crowns."

EARL RUSSELL AND THE STEAM-RAMS IN THE MERSEY.—Subjoined is the answer to the memorial on the subject of the steam-rams in the Mersey, addressed to Earl Russell by the Emancipation Society:—"Foreign Office, Aug. 31, 1863.—Gentlemen,—I have received your letter calling my attention to a subject of very grave and pressing importance—namely, the fitting-out and equipping of two powerful iron-plated steam-rams, which you are informed are intended to commit hostilities against the Government and people of the United States of America. My attention has long been directed to this subject. Both the Treasury and the Home Department have, at my request, made the most anxious inquiries upon the subject of these steam-rams. You are aware that, by the Foreign Enlistment Act, a ship is liable to be detained, and its owners are subject to penalties, when the ship is armed or equipped for purposes of war, and its owners intend to use it against some State or community in friendship with her Majesty. It is necessary to prove both the equipment and the intention. But in order to prove the equipment and the intention it is necessary for conviction in a British court of justice to have the evidence of credible witnesses. I was in hopes, when I began to read your memorial, that you would propose to furnish me with evidence to prove that the steam-rams in question were intended to carry on hostilities against the Government and people of the United States of America; but you make no proposal of the sort, and only tell me that you 'are informed' so and so, and 'it is believed' so and so. You must be aware, however, that, according to British law, prosecutions cannot be set on foot upon the ground of the Foreign Enlistment Act without affidavits of credible witnesses, as in other cases of important misdemeanors and crimes. Such, likewise, is the law of the United States of America. I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your most obedient, humble servant, RUSSELL.—Messrs. Evans, Taylor, Malleson, and Cheson." It is since stated that the Government have determined not to permit these vessels to leave the Mersey, and that a court of law will determine whether, under the terms of the Foreign Enlistment Act, the detention is legal.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

AMATEUR JURISDICTION.

AT Leigh, in Lancashire, a number of farmers and farm-labourers have been prosecuted, under a statute of Charles II., for carrying a quantity of hay upon a Sunday in order to save it from destruction by an approaching tempest. The defendants in vain urged that their labour was one of necessity, and thereby exempted from the penalties of an almost obsolete Act of Parliament. A fine of twenty-three shillings each, including costs, was levied upon five persons, four of whom appear to have been in good circumstances. The fifth is described as a hard-working, sober man, so poor that he had not even so much as a blanket in his house. The sentence, if carried out, is that such of the convicted persons as cannot be distrained upon shall be punished by imprisonment in the stocks.

There can scarcely be two opinions as to the iniquity of such a sentence as this. It can be defended only upon one ground—namely, that the rescue of the kindly produce of the cultivated soil is not a matter of necessity. But, if this be urged as a plea in its behalf, what is a necessity? When a poor wretch, in excuse for some act of rapacity or mendicancy, declared that "he must live," a grim joker replied that he could not "see the necessity." If there be no necessity implied in saving the food of cattle, and by consequence that of man, from impending destruction, how can the exception be held to apply even in the scriptural case of withdrawing an ass from a pit?

The same magistrates who punished these five persons admitted in another case of Sabbath-breaking, in which coal had been got out of a canal, that the work was one of necessity. Perhaps they can explain the distinction, and point out why the preservation of fuel is more necessary than that of fodder. But we are inclined to believe that they have simply blundered upon an irrational decree, not from over-drawn refinements of legal subtlety, but from sheer ignorance and perversity—possibly indeed because, having taken a properly lenient view in the former case, they felt bound to be severe in the latter, lest it should be imagined that they were favourable to a too-liberal construction of the statutory exemption.

We are not disposed to put the great Sabbatarian question upon theological grounds. The arguments upon each side, from the religious point of view, have been too often discussed to need repetition here. The matter before us is simply one of social interest, in relation to English law and its administration. The point of necessity, it appears to us, resolves itself into this question:—Was the work undertaken as one of ordinary daily avocation, or for the purpose of saving loss from some unforeseen circumstance beyond the control of the defendants—a circumstance of which the results would have been irremediable had the labour been procrastinated?

If the defendants raised this issue and supported their case under it by evidence, there can be no reasonable doubt of the injustice of the sentence. We have heard of another ground of objection, but that of a technical character, and we should even regret to see such a matter as this disposed of by a resort to forensic quibbling.

Moreover, whether the conviction be justifiable or not by the strict letter of the statute, it is eminently impolitic as well as cruel. No wonder that the natural sense of the community has revolted at it; that an imposing force of police was deemed necessary to effect the required seizures; that such of the defendants as were able to pay submitted to the carrying off of their property to an extent far exceeding the required amounts, rather than appear to accept the sentence by payment; and that the result should be great excitement and indignation in the neighbourhood, and adverse comments from the press. Such consequences as these are not calculated to raise the law or its administrators in popular esteem, or to promote the proper observance of the statute. They open up argument instead of encouraging that unquestioning recognition and willing obedience which it is the best characteristic of a just law to command. They direct attention to the curious way in which amateur justices, when they err, usually err upon the side of harshness and cruelty. Public attention, whenever directed to the unpaid magistracy, invariably finds them exercising their privileges in such a manner as to bear the semblance of tyranny. And then arises the question, why should the magisterial office, which in the towns is commonly committed to paid authorities qualified by legal training, in the rural districts become the appanage of the wealthy landed proprietor, of the ambitious parvenu, or of the clergyman educated in contempt, not only of forensic but of secular knowledge, habits, and ways of thinking and judging?

The defect which gives rise to such judgments as this lies entirely with the system. The Act of Charles II., imposed upon him and his Parliament by the necessity of conciliating Puritanic influences, affords reasonable opportunities for the display of judicial amenity. No Englishman wishes the Sunday to be a working day, for the hebdomadal holiday is nowhere more highly prized than among Englishmen of every class. Nevertheless, no course is more likely to destroy

respect for the institution itself, and to bring the laws framed to support it into question and evil favour, than that which perverts it into an engine of annoyance, sectarianism, and oppression.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE HEALTH OF THE DUKE OF ATHOLE is in a very precarious condition. The several members of the Athole family are gathered around him at Blair-Athole.

PRINCE FREDERICK OF DENMARK is entered at Christ Church, and will become resident in Oxford at the commencement of the ensuing term.

THERE IS NO LONGER ANY DOUBT, says the *Paris Pays*, of the acceptance of the Mexican throne by the Archduke Maximilian.

THE FORTS AT SPITHEAD are ordered to be proceeded with with all speed. A MAN HAS BEEN COMMITTED FOR TRIAL at Wellington for stealing a halfpenny.

MANCHESTER is going to spend £130,000 in obtaining a supply of water from the Prestwich hills.

SNOW fell in Nottingham on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon rain set in, and continued to come down heavily during the night.

THIRTY MILLIONS OF FRANCS (£126,000) are to be spent in the improvement of the Prussian fortresses, particularly those on the frontiers.

THE TURIN journals announce that a liberal change in the Italian tariff is in contemplation, chiefly as affects the export duties.

THE DEATH OF SIGNOR DELLA FARINA, Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies in Turin, is announced.

A TURKISH VESSEL has been seized at Anapa by the Russians, in spite of the protests of the Turkish authorities and English Consul.

THE INHABITANTS OF STAFFORD are making an effort to obtain subscriptions to erect a memorial to their townsman, Isaac Walton, of piscatorial celebrity.

THE FINN VALLEY RAILWAY, connecting Londonderry with Stranorlar, and generally with the stations on the Irish North-Western line, was opened for traffic on Monday.

AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of agricultural, industrial, and artistic productions of France and Spain is to take place at Bayonne in 1864.

EARL RUSSELL on Wednesday opened the Baxter Park, at Dundee, the gift to the town of Sir David and the Misses Baxter. His Lordship had previously been presented with the freedom of the burgh.

THE DANUBE COMMISSION has decided upon the St. George's Mouth as the definitive ship channel. The Porte approves the negotiation of a special loan for the necessary works.

THERE EXISTS IN BERLIN a "Society for the Defence of the Liberty of the Press," and it has kept a register of the number of warnings given to newspapers in June and July. They amount to eighty—at the rate, that is to say, of more than one a day.

THE TORONTO LEADER announces that a treasonable plot has been discovered to betray Canada into the hands of President Lincoln's Administration. The British Consul at New York is stated to have communicated the fact to his Government; but this is denied, and the story is probably a mere canard.

THE ABUNDANCE of stone fruit in Normandy is this year so great that all the markets are glutted with it. The same may be said of pears and summer apples.

CAPTAIN GRANT, the African traveller, is to be presented with the freedom of the burgh of Dingwall. The respected mother of the traveller (widow of the Rev. James Grant, of Nairn) resides in Dingwall.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT is determined not to concede anything to the Liberal opposition in the matter of the elections, and treats the threats of abstention with indifference.

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH erected in Halifax when the Prince of Wales opened the Townhall, at a cost of about £600, was sold by auction on Wednesday for about £30.

A GIRL DIED AT LISKEARD, the other day, from fright, a fellow-servant having met her in a dark avenue with her dress turned inside out, and exhibiting a ghostlike appearance.

SOME ALTERATIONS are ordered in the sights of the pattern Armstrong guns. The trait trajectory-sight is abolished, and the system of double-sighting on the trunnions of all field-guns is to be adopted.

IN NEW ZEALAND things look awkward. The natives of Waitara had declared war, and 5000 of them had taken the field. General Cameron had withdrawn his troops for the defence of Auckland.

MADEIRA SMITH has been comfortably married, and may occasionally be seen on a Sunday, along with her husband, in a church not a hundred miles from the town of Lillingthorpe.

NEGOTIATIONS ARE PENDING with great capitalists in France and England for a Mexican loan, to be employed in reimbursing France for the expenses of the war and in paying the debts due to the different Powers.

THE HORSE-NAIL MAKERS throughout the districts of South Staffordshire and East Worcester have intimated to their employers that unless they receive an advance of 3d. per thousand they will strike work.

AN AGRICULTURIST IN THE DUCHY OF HOLSTEIN is stated to have discovered a remedy for the potato blight. Before planting the tubercle he washes it in chlorine water, and then lets it dry in the sun. He has, it is said, tried this method for three years, and always obtained sound potatoes.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS towards the erection of a monument to the late Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire—Lord Hatherton—have reached nearly £2000.

ONE OF THE GERMAN PRINCES wanted his army instructed in the use of the Armstrong gun, so got one, but was obliged to ask leave of the next Prince to have the target put up in his kingdom, his own not being big enough for the Armstrong range!

ON THE 29TH ULT., the anniversary of the battle of Aspromonte, all the Radical journals of Naples appeared with a black border. Four of them, the *Terremoto*, the *Pensiero*, the *Pugnotta*, and the *Compagna del Popolo*, were seized for articles against the Government.

THE CLERGY of the diocese of Natal have addressed a protest to Dr. Colenso against his teaching. The protest is signed by the most influential of the clergy, led by the Archdeacon, and speaks in no mild terms of the writings of the Zulu Bishop.

THE CHANNEL FLEET has been paying a visit to the Clyde, and Admiral Dacres and his officers were last week entertained at splendid banquets by the civic authorities of Glasgow and Greenock.

DR. WHATELY, Archbishop of Dublin, whose health has been declining for some time past, is suffering severely from an ulcer of the leg, and the symptoms have lately become so unfavourable as to excite serious alarm.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science is to be held in Edinburgh. The opening address is to be delivered in the Free Church Assembly Hall on Wednesday evening, the 7th of October, by Lord Brougham, the venerable president of the association.

THE BERLIN FACULTY OF MEDICINE has commenced an onslaught on the drinking of Bavarian beer, which they declare to be the cause of innumerable cases of apoplexy. Bavarian beer, which was not known in Prussia twenty years ago, is now largely consumed in that country.

BIDDY GILMARTIN, a woman miserably poor, and whose husband appeared before the magistrates in rags, and declared he had not a halfpenny in the world, has been bound over for trial at the Sligo Petty Sessions for stealing one turnip from a field.

THE PROTOCOLS OF THE FRANKFORT CONGRESS have been presented to the King of Prussia, who, in reply to the Austrian officer presenting them, said he had nothing further to say upon the subject than what he had previously communicated to the Emperor.

SO MUCH ANXIETY has been shown to possess a portion of Herne's Oak as it lay in the Home Park, Windsor, after being blown down, that it has been necessary to place a keeper to watch over it night and day, previous to the removal of this interesting relic to a place of security.

A VIOLENT FIRE broke out in the night of the 17th ult. at Scio, capital of the island of that name, in the Greek Archipelago, and destroyed the bazaar, 400 shops, 45 large stone-built houses, and the custom-house, as well as a great quantity of merchandise. The loss is estimated at twenty millions of piastres.

A ROBBERY OF £2000, took place a few nights ago on board one of the steamers which run between Dover and Calais. The sufferer was an egg merchant, of Gravelines, who had placed the sum in his trousers' pocket, from which an adroit pickpocket abstracted it while the owner was asleep. The loss was not discovered until the majority of the passengers had left by railway.

VOLUNTEER CORPS are now being organised in Sweden on the same plan as in England. The object of this institution is the defence of the country against invasion, in case the regular army of Sweden should be employed abroad. The eventualities of the Danish question are supposed to have induced the Swedish Government to adopt this measure, a treaty of alliance having just been concluded between Denmark and Sweden, with a view to the defence of Danish territory from any German aggression.

IT WAS RUMOURED on Tuesday in Devonport that frauds upon Government to a large amount have just been discovered. The report states that the delinquent, a clothing contractor, having had cloth served to him for the purpose of making the articles he had contracted to supply, substituted for that cloth a very inferior material, consisting largely of cotton instead of wool, and of this has made the sailors' clothes. The matter has been brought before the authorities, and is undergoing investigation.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

LAST week I foreshadowed that something would be done by the Government to stop the Birkenhead steam-rams. I had no positive authority to say that they would be stopped, but it had come to my knowledge that certain Liverpool officials had been summoned to the Foreign Office. Hence I augured that the matter was under consideration, and that consideration would lead to action. Well, now the *Morning Post* announces that, Earl Russell's letter to the Emancipation Society notwithstanding, these notable ships are to be detained until the builders can prove that they are not intended for operations against a friendly Power. It is probable that the Government have but little or no positive evidence that they were built for the Confederates; but as the Messrs. Laird have already supplied one ship, the Government have probably decided upon throwing on Messrs. Laird the onus of proving their own innocence, and in the meantime have determined, even in the absence of positive evidence, to lay an embargo upon these vessels of war. But from what I have heard I should say that if the Government had not stopped them it would have been long ere they would have been delivered to the Confederate Government, as it is asserted that money is owing upon these ships, and that until they can be lightened of the burden they cannot leave the Mersey.

Supposing the Confederates cannot pay for these ships, what will the proprietor—be he Mr. Laird or the French banker who is reported to have given the order for them—do with them? Sell them, of course. Indeed, some say that they are now for sale. Here, then, is a chance for the naval Powers. "To be disposed of, two splendid iron-clad steam-rams, at less than cost price. What say you, gentlemen, will you buy?—will you buy? Monsieur, will they not suit you? What havoc they would make in Portsmouth Harbour or the Thames!" "What! would you sell ships to invade your own country?" "Oh! we are a nation of shopkeepers, you know. We must all live. A friend of mine made a large fortune when the Russian War was in prospect by buying up all the sulphur that he could lay his hands on and selling it to the Russian Government. What have we shopkeepers to do with patriotism and that sort of thing? Besides, if we did not do it others would. You won't buy ironclads! Well, somebody else will. President Lincoln, what say you—just fit for your rivers. They were made for your enemies; but what matter? It is all the same to me. No; then, like my friend the sulphur merchant, I will go to St. Petersburg. Rumour says that we are to have another bout with Russia soon. They are just the thing for the Neva. What say you, Emperor of all the Russias! Light of draught, impregnable, and dirt cheap." "But I may have to employ them against your own country, you know." "True; but in England we have a saying that in business a man knows no friend and no country. I would contract to make steamers for Charon and swords for Apollon, if price and payment were right."

And, now, from Birkenhead to Liverpool is but a step. I was at the latter place last week, and saw a thing or two, which I noted down in my book for comment in this column. First, the new ferry-boat that plies between these two places has just been launched, and is the most splendid thing of the kind that I ever saw. What its dimensions are I cannot tell; but I am sure I am correct in saying that there is room on board for 500 passengers, and that in bad weather all might be under cover. On the deck there is a capacious glass cabin; below, there is a lofty saloon, a handsome ladies' cabin, and last, not least, a smokery. And these saloons and cabins are not like the low, dirty, stuffy holes which we have in our Thames steamers; but really capacious, lofty, airy, clean, handsome rooms. Now, why should we not have steam-boats something like this on the Thames? There was, or was to be, some weeks ago, a company started to build something of this sort; but I fear it came to nothing; and yet I am quite sure an improved class of steam-boats would pay, as in boats like this new Liverpool ferry-boat we could travel with comfort and safety in winter as well as summer. Who that is careful of his health ventures to go in a Thames steamer in winter, exposed to cold, and snow, and rain above, and to dirt and foul air below? But if the steamers of Liverpool are so much better than those of London, what shall we say of the landing-places? Well, this may be said, and with truth—the Liverpool landing-places are all that can be wished for—capacious, commodious, easy of access, clean, and, in short, as I have said, everything that can be desired. The London landing-places (I speak now especially of those below London Bridge) are all that is vile and disgraceful. Above bridge, since the conservancy of the Thames passed out of the hands of the Corporation, we have had great improvements; and, when the embankment shall be finished, I suppose we shall have still greater. But below London Bridge the landing-places for the seagoing steamers are literally abominable—disgraceful to the nation, and specially disgraceful to the London Corporation, who have let all opportunities to provide better slip out of their hands, and now turn round and tell us that the evil is incurable. When I was at Liverpool one of the American emigrant-ships was about to take in its living cargo; and I suppose there were some three hundred emigrants, with all their traps, waiting in a covered shed to embark. I did not stop to see the embarkation, but I could perceive at a glance that it would be got over with the utmost ease and comfort. Now, let my readers fancy, if they can, an embarkation of three hundred emigrants at London Bridge or St. Katherine Docks. The control of the Mersey is vested in the Mersey Dock and Harbour Commissioners, and, if we are to judge of them by their works, they must be a body of men vastly superior to our London Corporation.

By-the-by, when at Liverpool I learned this curious fact, which may be interesting to your readers. Liverpool used to do an immense trade in cured pork with Ireland. The American war has, however, indirectly completely destroyed the trade. It has operated in this way. The Northern States used to send an immense quantity of pork south. The war stopped the trade, and compelled the Northern pork merchants to look out for another market. This they have found in England; and as the prices of pork in America are very much lower than it can be produced at in Ireland, the Irish trade is, as I am told, for the time utterly smashed. The price of American bacon wholesale is about 3d., of hams about 4d. per lb.; and in all parts of England now good American bacon can be got at 5d., and hams at 5d. and 6d. Here is a fine topic for the Protectionists to dilate upon. Twenty years ago we should have promptly closed our ports against this porcine inundation.

The axiom that when clever men give way to folly they are worse than the greatest fools, has recently received an additional corroboration in the publication of Mr. Guy Livingstone Laurence's latest work, called "Border and Bastille," which gives a narrative of his late quixotic attempt to place his sword at the service of the South, and the consequences that befel him therefrom. The reverence entertained by him for big men of great muscular power, knowledge of horseflesh, and pugilistic pluck, has always been a fertile subject of chaff with his critics; indeed, if one could have imbibed the late Mr. Ben Caunt with certain misanthropical tendencies and garnished his ordinary discourse with vague and recondite classical allusions, you would at once have realised the Laurencian hero. But they were, indeed, but few in number who suspected that behind the *umbræ* of Livingstone, Keene, or Wyverne stood the author, the great G. L. L. himself! Since the Byron period that phase of authorship has died out, and though readers pretend to see Mr. Dickens in "David Copperfield," Mr. Thackeray in the victim of the Honourable Deuceba's swindling, this is all mere baseless hypothesis and club gossip, and the notabilities quoted would probably be only amused were they to hear of the discovery of identity between themselves and the creations of their fancy. Mr. Laurence, however, now comes forward to make great revelations of his own private status and appearance, from a perusal of which we gather that he is forty years old, was educated at Oxford, rides 14 st. 10 lb. in a common hunting-saddle, is an excellent and fearless horseman, and can "rend a broad linen band fastened tightly round his upper arm by bending the biceps." Now, if this were all he revealed in "Border and Bastille" we should shrug our shoulders, and, remembering that no man is free from some small vanity, pass on, wondering at an undoubtedly clever man suffering under such very contemptible foibles; but, unfortunately, Mr. Laurence's new book is more than silly—it is bumptious

and offensive. To a great man much can be forgiven; but Mr. Laurence is *not* a great man. In "Guy Livingstone" he produced a clever book, showing knowledge of a certain class of society, a certain amount of mother-wit, a certain amount of classical cramming, and an unquestionable amount of prudence. In every book that he has written since there has been a diminution of every one of these attributes except the prudence, which has been well kept up, and which, even on the unpromising ground of "Border and Bastille," asserts itself, no chance being lost of dwelling on the "pink, coral complexion" and the "long, trailing lashes," &c. Mr. Laurence has taken a false step. Let him repair it as soon as possible. He has a quick eye for character and good powers of description. What he saw in the North, for he failed to pass the frontier, ought to have furnished him with material for a novel. Let him look over his note-book again. Even the old Livingstone type *redivivus* would be better as the hero of a romance than as the subject of a very undignified fragment of autobiography.

I stated some weeks ago that, at the sale of the late Mr. Mulready's works, some very curious drawings, quaint in subject and admirable in execution, would be brought forward. I now learn that the Science and Art Department at "the boilers" are endeavouring to arrange a complete collection of Mulready's works for exhibition during the ensuing spring. Such an exhibition was made in 1848, under the auspices of the Society of Arts; but the one proposed will be on a larger scale. All possessors of Mulready's works are urged to contribute from their stores, and, it is to be hoped, will respond to the invitation. As a grand nucleus, the South Kensington people have at their hands the Sheepshanks Collection, which is rich in Mulready's. The memorial to the kind-hearted, pleasant, clever old man goes on prosperously, I hear.

All the visitors to the meeting of the British Association have returned chanting the praises of the people of Newcastle and Sir William Armstrong—the former for their liberality, the latter for his suavity and eloquence; and there is not one of these visitors but thinks that the proceedings would weave into such a charming magazine article; "don't you?" which you—having something to do with the conduct of certain magazines, and knowing that the whole gist has been carefully reproduced by the daily and weekly press—don't! Bath is the selected spot for next year. How horrified would have been Beau Nash, or Angelo Cyrus Bantam, M.C., or any bygone master of the ceremonies, at the intrusion of horrid, low, scientific people to Bath!

There is no man living who can draw British soldiers and sailors like Mr. George Thomas. There is a wood-drawing of his in one of Routledge's illustrated Christmas books—"Lays of the Affections," or "Songs of the Hearth and Home," or something of the sort—a wood-drawing to one of Dibdin's songs "I sat apart and thought of Nancy!" which I remember as exquisite in local colour and feeling; and he is equally good in his delineation of common soldiers. This being the case, one feels pleased to hear that six drawings of British soldiers—which, at the Queen's command, Mr. Thomas recently executed—have, by the Queen's permission, been lithographed by Messrs. Day, and are shortly to be published at a moderate price. Each branch of the land service finds a representative in the series, and each is limned with equal spirit, character, and fidelity.

Partridge and hare slaughtering, alpine climbing, Continental rambing, and seaside idleness are now occupying the thoughts of most of our great army of volunteers; but one should do everything possible to help to diffuse the opinion arrived at by Lieutenant-Colonel Allhusen, and expressed in the paper which he recently read at the meeting of the British Association. The total enrolled strength is 159,000 men of all ranks; but this is on paper, and the Colonel is a croaker. He believes that the number of effectives falls far short of the number enrolled, that drills are less frequent, musters smaller, recruits more difficult to enlist, and that, despite the much-vaunted Government aid, the volunteer force is in a perilous plight, and not unlike to butter in a hot plate. Colonel Allhusen does not use this figure, mind; but this is what he means, and I think he's right. The great excitement of novelty is over, and, more than that, men feel that there is no actual imminent need of their services. A nucleus of enthusiasts there will always be, and at the repetition of the cuckoo cry of invasion all the old volunteers would return to the ranks, and in a very few drills pick up their former knowledge of the duty. Besides, the winter, with its lack of outdoor sports, cricket, boating, &c., will send many back to their allegiance; while we may comfort ourselves with the thought that it is only the "mere husk and draft," as Tennyson has it, that will withdraw. The good shots, the greatest use in time of actual warfare, will always remain in the service for the mere pleasure of the shooting.

Apropos of volunteering, I hear that we Englishmen, always with an affectionate leaning towards the Sherwood foresters of old, are likely to have a fresh interest in the home of Robin Hood. The riflemen of our sister of Australia offered, as a challenge, to shoot that company of English volunteers which had made the highest registered score during the year 1862. Expectation was at its highest! Inns of Court, the best drill! Victorias, greatest brag! London Scottish, most clannish! London Brigade, most tradesman-like! Old Artillery Company, most convivial! Civil Service, most priggish! St. George's, most street-paripatetic! Queen's (Westminsters), most numerous! but which the best shots? Examination proved that a country corps, the first company of the Nottingham Robin Hoods, had won the honour, and they are now our champions in the international match. The competitors are to shoot in their own countries, but not at their own butts; the competition (so far as the Englishmen are concerned) comes off about the 15th instant, at Sudbury, and Lord Vernon acts as umpire.

What is an "other self"? Travelling down into Wales, whither I have retired for a short holiday, I bought the *Athenæum*, and read with wonder the following advertisement:—

A BENEFICENT CLERGYMAN, long accustomed to active duty, would accept a PRIVATE CHAPLAINCY, and afford service as Secretary, Librarian, Accountant, or, on occasion, as a trustworthy and discreet other self. Testimonials beyond hesitancy.—Address H. O. W., Exeter.

I am a "lone, lone creature," as Mrs. Gumidge says; but when I go in for an "other self" I shall expect something pleasanter than a "beneficent clergyman." And what is "hesitancy"? I've left my quarto Webster at home, and I never met with the word before.

That bloodthirsty ruffian the King of Dahomey is apparently tired of dancing from his palace to the place of execution, for two carriages have just been sent out from this country for himself and consort. Such equipages! One (destined for his Majesty's self) an elegant, open, sociable barouche, with a gorgeous canopy supported by gilt columns, and an amazon and lion and an amazon and fish emblazoned on each door respectively; and the other (for his Queen, this) a sort of brougham, decorated in similar style. They are of the Sheriff's carriage order of beauty, and have no shafts, but this is explained by the fact that they are to be drawn by slaves instead of horses. The team is to consist of twenty for the male and ten for the female Potentate, who will drag the carriages by means of ropes, much after the fashion of the enthusiastic "free and independents" of our own land.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The new afterpiece at the Olympic, entitled "An Awful Rise in Spirits," is very bad indeed. The curtain rises upon a moonlit churchyard and church. Enter Professor "Kepper" and Mr. "Quirks." Mr. Quirks, wears a conical "funny" hat, long light hair, and flat cravat reaching to the waist—a costume hitherto confined to the low-comedy man of the penny-concert room. Agnes, the bleeding nun, appears, and sings a dreary scena, as devoid of fun as any ever heard at a music-hall. Suddenly other ghosts come forth, headed by what is termed in the bills "Richardson's Ghost." This is neither the true R. G. nor an original idea. The ghost carries his head in his hands, according to a device originated and made public a few weeks since by a party of amateurs belonging to the Queen's Westminster Volunteers at the Crystal Palace. The amateurs did this much better. The dialogue consists of puns upon "Pepper" and "spirits," until the Flying Dutchman, suddenly coming upon the scene, orders the two ghost-hunters to be hanged at the "yard-arm"—which I did not previously know was always

to be found handy at a village church. Then Shakespeare arrives on the scene; puffs his own works, from which he quotes extensively, and terminates the piece, in which there is no plot, point, or fun. Nevertheless, Mr. Tom Taylor boldly announced his name as the author of the production, previously to its first performance. His drama of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" still forms the main attraction of the theatre; and I would heartily recommend all who have not seen this play to do so at once.

DRURY LANE will be reopened this evening with a new piece, entitled "Nature's above Art," by Mr. E. Falconer. The names of the characters do not promise much novelty, for we have a Mr. Higgins, Mrs. Gampage, and Mrs. Caudle.

THE SURREY also reopens this evening. The first piece is entitled "The Scottish Chief," and is apparently founded on Miss Porter's well-known novel. The management is in the hands of Messrs. Shepherd and Anderson.

Mr. Charles Mathews is about to appear at the Variétés, in Paris. The principal characters in "Un Demande au Gouverneur" and "Mercadet" are to be acted by our mercurial comedian in French. I presume that his successes in "The Bachelor of Arts" and "The Game of Speculation" have led him to tempt his fortune in the original pieces in the language in which they were originally written. There is an amount of poetical justice in this arrangement. Paris sends us tragedians and tragiédienues who throw new lights and discover new beauties in our "divine Williams." Why should not London play a return match? If broken English sounds mellifluous in the ears of the occupants of private boxes, why should not the Britannic accents hum sweetly to the habitués of the stables d'orchestre? The parallel is perfect. Monsieur comes here to show us how to play Shakespeare. Let us instruct him in the lighter arts of comedy and vaudeville. Taillade, the famous Macbeth of the Odéon, is to pay us a visit in a few months; and there is rumour of a lady being "coached" in English for the coming winter. Let us hope our British artists will not be outdone in this noble emulation. The actors of Paris may come over in shoals, provided that a proportionate number of our London tragedians embark for Boulogne—the more the merrier. We need not say which of the two capitals will gain by the exchange.

INTELLIGENCE has just been received from the White Nile of the slaughter of several boatfuls of so-called ivory (but really slave) traders. The blacks surprised the boats, killed everyone on board, and carried off the cargoes.

AN EAGLE, in flying from one mountain peak to another, in the Grison Alps, lately, at a height of 8000 or 9000 ft., performed the distance of five miles in five minutes.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

It is to be hoped that the time will never arrive when Englishmen will neglect that physical training which has always formed an important part of real education. The national love of field sports, and, above all, the constant practice of boating and cricketing, which are still the favourite amusements of boys and men of all classes, are in themselves of no slight advantage in maintaining that activity and strength which are characteristics of our countrymen; and it may now be asserted that no other country in the world could produce a volunteer army where the necessary bodily qualifications for enduring fatigue could be more easily acquired. Of gymnastic exercises, as such, there has seemed to be some need for fresh organisation—not, however, that there have not at all times been a number of practised gymnasts scattered amongst the various schools of arms, or quietly attending the institutions founded by such gentlemen as Captain Chiosso and Mr. Huguessin; but because Englishmen, as a rule, are not very ready to form themselves into associations, and scarcely dream of meeting for the purpose of displaying their acquisitions in public.

To the Deutsch Turnverein, whose recent festival at the gymnasium in the grounds of the Crystal Palace was so deservedly successful, may be attributed the infusion of a fresh spirit into the method of practising athletic exercises; and it is pleasant to note that while the German society itself has been greatly recruited by Englishmen, fresh associations are being formed on a similar principle, and that the leaders of the Turnverein are always ready to give them the benefit of their experience and to help them on in their healthy work.

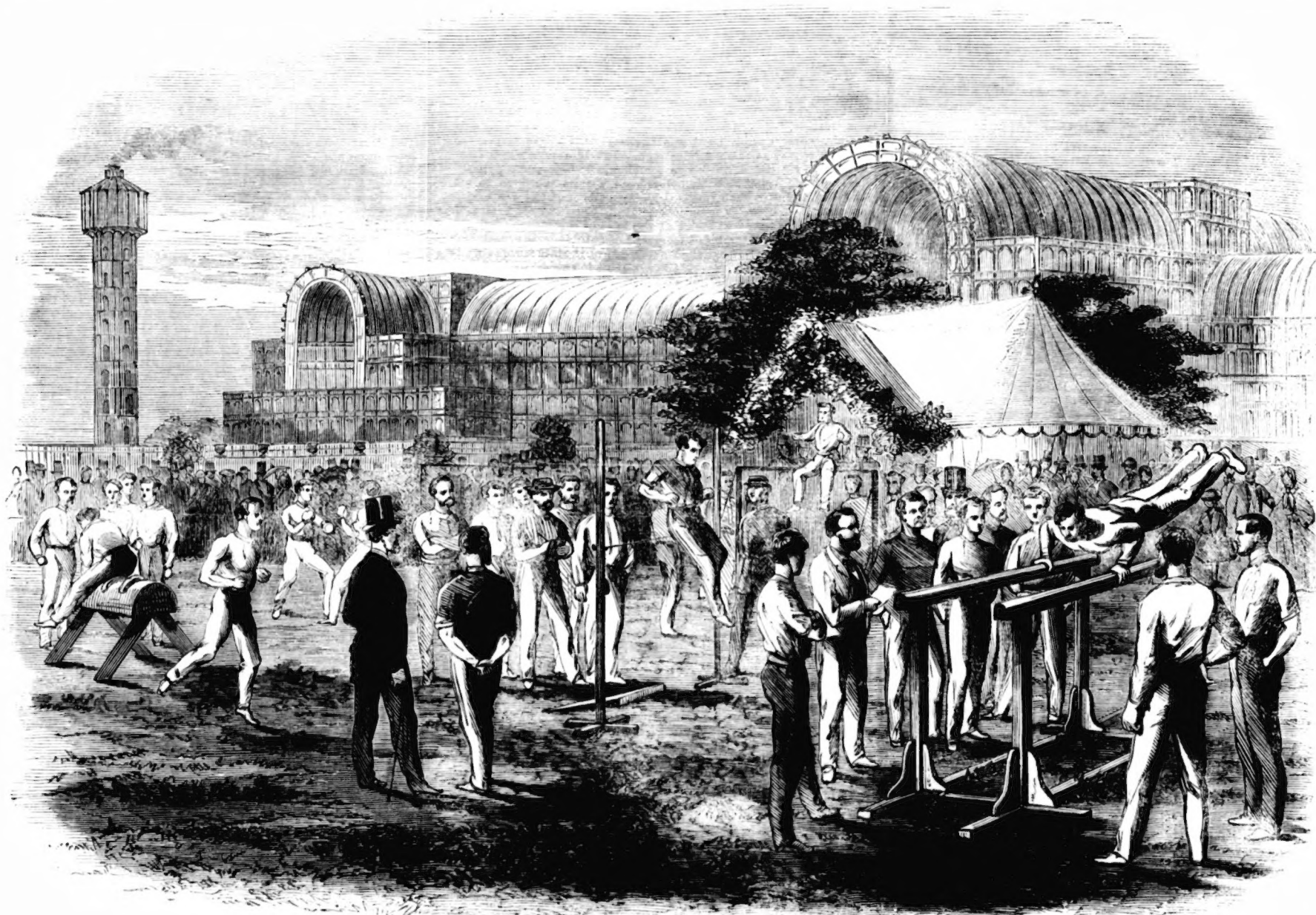
One of the latest of these societies, consisting of the seventh company of the 19th Middlesex Rifle Volunteer Corps, held its first annual festival at the Crystal Palace gymnasium on Friday, the 4th inst. This association has been formed under the auspices of Lieutenant-Colonel Bathurst, Major Thomas Hughes, Captain Boddy, and other gentlemen, under the title of the Amateur Gymnastic Society, their present practice-ground being the Royal Arcade, New Oxford-street, where they admit not only members of the corps but other gentlemen who may desire to join in the course of instruction.

The weather on Friday was, on the whole, tolerably propitious; and, at a little before three, the various competitors, including several members of the German society, met in the north wing of the palace, and, after assuming the light undress adapted to the occasion, marched down to the ground, accompanied by the band of the 19th Middlesex, who remained to play a capital selection of music during the subsequent proceedings. Although there was very little rain, except one smart shower at about five o'clock, the "balloon lawn," occupied by the gymnasium, was not in a very satisfactory condition from its previous soaking, and the quarter-mile course surrounding it, which is reserved for foot-racing, was a very difficult bit of ground to get over, especially taking into account that even in this small circuit there is a considerable declivity.

When the men had reached the ground, Major Thomas Hughes (who has himself done as much as most men to foster a love for manly English sports) delivered a short address on the advantage of gymnastic exercise as an aid to military discipline. In remarking on the importance given to this kind of training in the armies of foreign countries, Major Hughes said that a friend of his, who had lately been staying near a garrison town in France, had seen a squad of infantry of the Line approach an empty house, and, after making sure that the building was deserted, one of them ran and placed himself in such a position that his comrade could mount on his shoulders, who was, in his turn, followed by a third and a fourth, until the whole squad took possession of the place by means of a human ladder.

At the conclusion of the address, the proceedings commenced with exercises for the body and limbs without the use of apparatus, under the direction of Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, president of the German society. These exercises were the cause of some merriment on the part of the spectators, and especially amongst the ladies who occupied the reserved seats, since to see some thirty or forty men bending from side to side, stooping with the tips of the fingers to the ground, and so on, had in it something of the ludicrous. There can be no question as to the advantage of these exercises, however; and they will probably form a part of the future practice. As it was, they would have been more effective as a spectacle had they been performed in concert; but many of the members had never before taken part in such evolutions.

The competitive exercises, for which the successful candidates were to receive certificates, consisted of half-mile races, the high and the long jump, putting the stone, climbing a rope 45 ft. long, and feats of strength and activity on the horse, and the parallel and high bars. It was scarcely to be expected that in so young a society a degree of efficiency would be displayed at all comparable to that of their German brethren, but the exertions of the competitors were certainly highly creditable. In the races two members accomplished a quarter of a mile within the minute, which was good running on such a course; and there was a fair average proficiency in climbing and jumping. It may be remarked that the high jump is regulated according to the height of the competitor, so that a tall man has more to contend against than a short one, the greatest number of marks being awarded only to him who can leap over a line placed on a level with the crown of his head. The practice at the horizontal bar was highly creditable, and, although none of the members



AMATEUR GYMNASTIC FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

attained the total number of 100 points, the meeting was highly encouraging as an earnest that a new interest has been given to gymnastic exercises.

The greatest number of points was attained by Mr. Spencer, an Englishman, who was awarded 44; and he was followed by Mr. Grossmann, Mr. Landsberger, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Elliot, and Mr. Mailey, all of whom received certificates. These were awarded by Mr. Hughes, who made a few candid but at the same time encouraging comments on the proceedings.

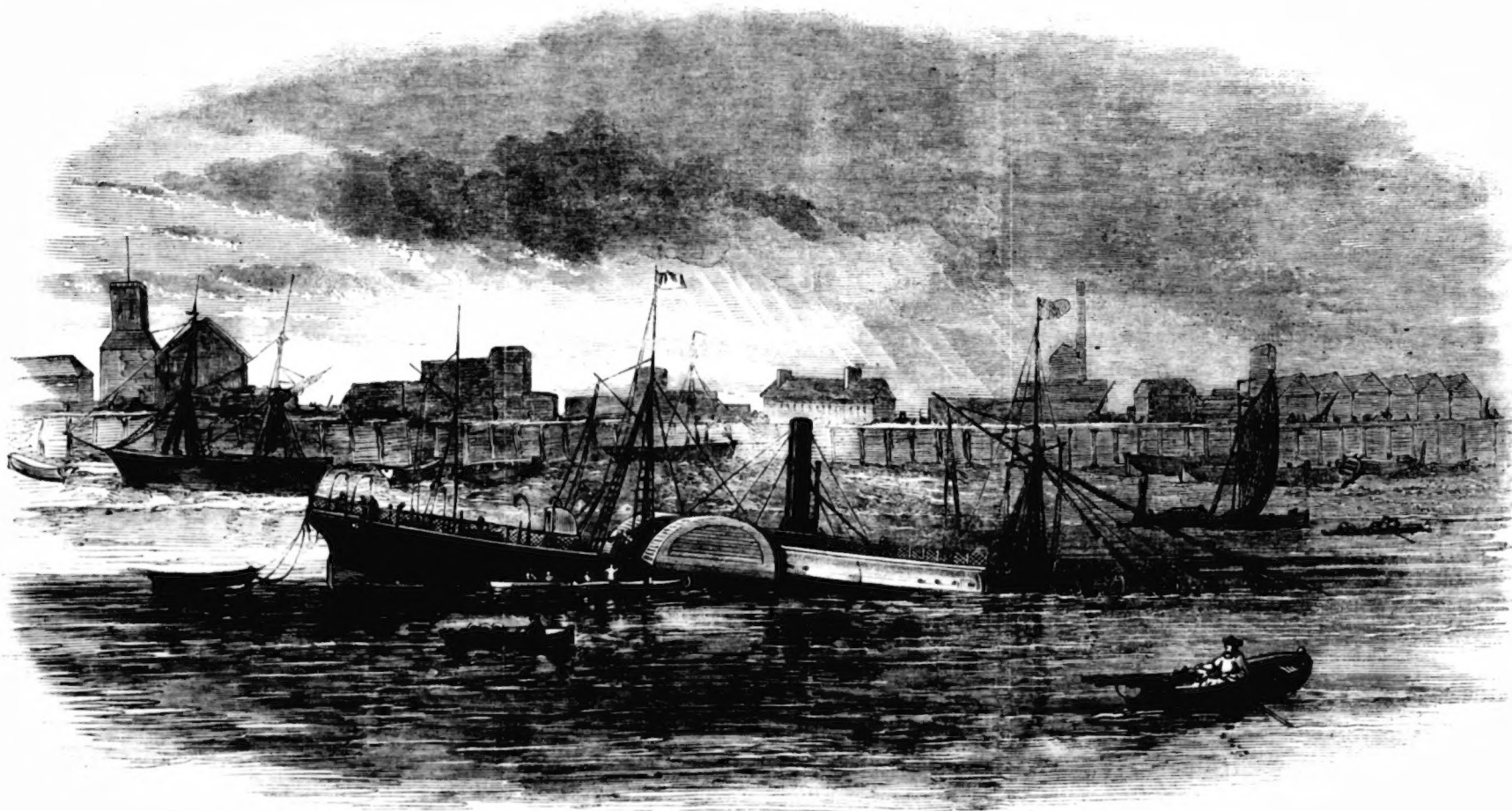
A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Ravenstein, who, in replying, said he had observed that, while Englishmen were strong in the legs and could generally beat the Germans in jumping and running, they did not sufficiently exercise the muscles of the arms and chest. He earnestly advised them to cultivate the strength of every part of the body equally, since it was necessary that there should be an equality of strength, in order that they might become perfect men. The proceedings of the gymnasts were watched with

great interest by a pretty large number of visitors, who were only partially dispersed by the rain.

WRECK OF THE BARON OSY.

THE steam-ship Baron Ozy, well known in the London and Antwerp trade, when proceeding up the Thames on Thursday, the 3rd inst., met with a serious accident when off Limehouse Reach, nearly opposite the Commercial Dock Pier. In consequence of a small craft getting in the way, the steamer diverged towards the Middlesex side of the river. In doing so the forepart of her keel struck heavily against some hard substance. Some of her iron plates were broken, and the water rushed into her fore-cabin and machine-room. Immediately after she struck the vessel turned round, and her stern rapidly sunk. The utmost alarm prevailed amongst upwards of one hundred passengers, but by the assistance of the Naiad, Woolwich steamer, the whole were safely conveyed, along

with a large quantity of luggage, to St. Katherine's Docks. A considerable amount of the cargo was also got out of the vessel, which, however, sunk so completely that at high water only the tops of her funnel and masts were visible. On Monday operations were commenced for the purpose of raising the ship. Several powerful chains were got under her bottom, and the weighing lighters of the Thames Conservancy Board were in attendance to assist in lifting the vessel. Beyond the fracture in her iron plates it is thought that the ship has not sustained any severe injury. As it was supposed probable that the vessel had struck upon the remains of an old anchor or some wreck, the whole of that part of Limehouse Reach where the accident occurred has been dragged by order of the Thames Conservancy Board, with a view of ascertaining whether there is any projecting substance in the bed of the river. Nothing of the kind has been traced, and it is now thought that the Baron Ozy must have struck upon a ridge of the stony shoal which formerly extended down the reach some distance.



WRECK OF THE BARON OSY IN LIMEHOUSE REACH.

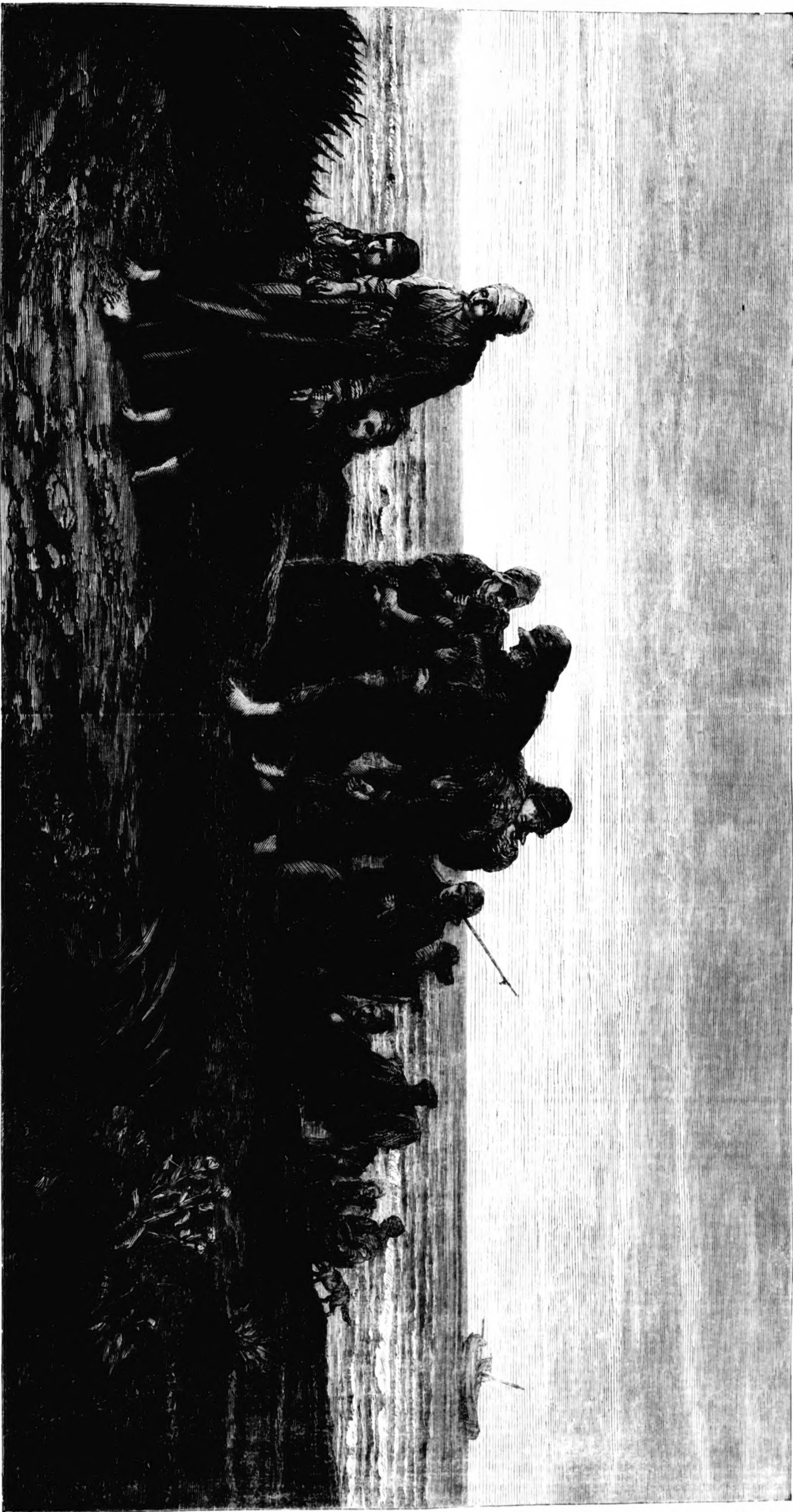
“THE SHIPWRECKED FISHERMAN.”

Those of our readers who remember having seen this picture in the gallery of the International Exhibition will recall the touching interest of the story it is designed to tell: for the painter of “The Shipwrecked” has accomplished the highest work of the artist in a representation of real life which exercises a direct influence on our sympathies. That sad procession moving so slowly along the beach bears an awful

burden which the sea has at last delivered to their care. How long have those anxious eyes been straining over the wild waste of water to watch the vessel till it has been broken like a toy-boat and swept away, a mere drift of spars and broken planks, to be thrown up piecemeal on the shore? With what a dumb agony have they seen that bruised body, with all the vigour of its manhood butted out of it, tossed to their very feet, the dead hands clenched and the teeth still set in that last impotent struggle! This is all they have for father, husband, friend; and the better part of him

seems still to be amongst the treasures hoarded by the remorseless sea. The children are too young to be fully conscious of their loss; but their scared faces, as they are led passively away, tell that they know how some awful calamity has come to them, and that they will never hear that rough, cheery voice again, or be held up in the great, strong arms. Wives and mothers of fishermen waiting for the return of the adventurers may often hear, instead of the well-known footstep, a

strange knock at the cabin door, and find there a messenger who brings the tidings of death; but the widow and the orphan are none the less desolate for having learned to count this amongst the hazards of their lives; and if such a picture as this has any real, practical meaning in the appeal which it makes to us, it must surely be that it reminds us of the necessity for lending all the aid in our power, not only to succour the distresses of the bereaved, but to support the institutions which are intended to avert these worst calamities of shipwreck.



THE SHIPWRECKED FISHERMAN.—(FROM THE PICTURE BY J. ISRAELS.)

It may seem to some a strangely utilitarian view to take of a picture to regard it as silently advocating the establishment of life-boats and all the appliances which will render our coast less dangerous, and reduce the fearful hazards which beset hundreds of brave and honest men who are themselves ready to risk life and limb when others are in peril. Yet this would, we venture to say, be the reflection most natural to anybody who had just come—say from the Dogenbank, where he had been fishing for cod, and had fallen in with foul weather out of sight of land. Nay, even

without going to sea at all, a thoughtful tourist might obtain this result by paying a visit to the churchyards of Pile, of St. Mary, Scarborough, or of other seafaring places. It is in the first of these that one of the most conspicuous amongst the headstones records the death of a fisherman who was wrecked on “the bridge,” a line of jagged rocks running far into the sea, dry at low water, but rising, as the tide rises, only to make an obstacle which increases the fury of the waves. “In memory,” says the inscription, “of Richard

Richardson, who was unfortunately drowned Dec. 27, 1799, aged forty-eight years. “By sudden wind and boisterous sea The Lord did take my life from me; But He to shore my body brought, Found by my wife, who for it sought. And here it rests in mother clay Until the Resurrection Day.” For eleven weeks did the wife of this fisherman seek the body of her

husband on the terrible “bridge.” Notwithstanding the remonstrances of her friends, who believed it to be a delusion, she persisted in her search for the remains of the lost one, and from December to the end of March traversed the rocks exposed to the winds and storms of winter, and, as the tide receded, examined every cleft and cavern. At length her patience was rewarded, and the corpse of the shipwrecked fisherman was consigned to the churchyard, where her own body was laid after she had survived her husband thirty-four years.

Literature.

In Sorcière; the Witch of the Middle Ages. From the French of J. Michelet. By L. J. TROTTER. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

It was necessary, in order to the proper translation of this book of M. Michelet, that the gentleman who undertook the task should understand at least both French and English. Mr. Trotter understands neither. Produced under such disadvantages as are implied in that fact, his work is not free from faults. He says in one place (for example), that nuns and scholars were subjected to the same sort of punishment. If Mr. Trotter's French memory had been stimulated by similar discipline (for the occasion only), it would, no doubt, have whispered to him that the true reading of the passage was nuns and schoolboys. Those who have read "The Confessions of Abelard," or who read an article which appeared two or three years ago in *All the Year Round* about his early relations (as a clerical tutor) with Heloise, will not mistake the meaning of M. Michelet. But it would take the conventional conjurer or Philadelphia lawyer to help a reader ignorant of French to understand (for another example) a passage in which a hooted, beset, insulted woman is spoken of as "the wretched poor." "Fancy the laughter of cavaliers and footmen, and the frolics of the pages around the wretched poor." We presume the phrase in the original is *paupere misérable*, which anybody but Mr. Trotter would have translated *poor wretch*, not "wretched poor." There is, in simple truth, scarcely a page of Mr. Trotter's rendering in which a good knowledge of French is not necessary for the understanding of M. Michelet's intention. Still, the book is in itself so interesting that the merely English reader will not be wasting time if he goes through Mr. Trotter's version, at the risk of missing half what the original author wishes to convey. That risk he will assuredly run; but, if he can digest the sort of "strong meat" which the eloquent Frenchman produces when writing about women, he will be something wiser, no doubt, for reading "The Witch of the Middle Ages."

M. Michelet, who has found out a good many mare's-nests in going into the woman's question, has missed the fact that the average woman is by nature a Manichee. A man commonly thinks of the Foul Fiend with some degree of contempt; a woman, with a kind of shuddering reverence, and a half-allowed tendency to give him quasi-divine honours—a disposition to propitiate him, in fact. It is as an intercessor that the witch first appears in the history of mankind. Her function is not primarily or necessarily a malignant one; far from it. Nor would witchcraft ever have been made a crime of in (so-called) Christendom if it had not been for Exodus xlii. 18—"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." It is one of the most striking instances of the insincerity of popular writing that the existence of this text and its influence on the minds of our forefathers is not allowed for in dealing with the subject of witch burning. If the Pilgrim Fathers had been accused of cruelty and superstition in putting supposed witches to death, they would, of course, have quoted Exodus, and not so very unreasonably. The only remaining question would then be, Is this particular person a witch? And the world is not yet so far advanced in the power of discriminating character that it can afford to be hard on those who used to think the evidence in cases of witchcraft conclusive against the accused. It has not yet got out of its old way of stoning the prophets, and giving innocent dogs ill names in order that it may afterwards hang them. Nor is it at present a very logical world if it were it would immediately turn up the passage in Exodus; and hang all the spirit-rappers; for a "medium" is just a nineteenth-century counterpart of a fourteenth-century witch.

There is a sense in which the type woman always has been, and always will be, a witch—an intercessor, mediator, or *paratonnerre*, between man and Evil. Nobody denies her possession of the prophetic instinct, or second-sight, or intuition which Teutonic sentiment attributed to her; and the occasional utility of this instinct is admitted, though we do not nowadays ask our women whether we shall go to war or not. It is chiefly as a sick-room nurse that woman now stands between man and physical pain; but it is not so very long since she was the "leech," or physician. Even if she should never be a physician again, she will always have occult qualities attributed to her; and a woman with occult powers, exerted in certain directions, is neither more nor less than a sorceress.

A Disputed Inheritance. The Story of a Cornish Family. By THOMAS HOOD. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

All things have their turn. In the "Mill on the Floss" Maggie Tulliver complains to Philip Wakem, when they are talking about Cooper's novel of "The Pilot," that she is tired of seeing the fair girl ride over the dark—girl in fiction. The dark girls are now having their outing; for since Becky Sharpe there seems a tendency to make the blondes the bad ones, and the brunettes the good ones. Lucinda Pentowan, the good beauty of this story, has a brown skin, while Emma Rewth, the niece and adopted daughter of Sir Abel Treellan, and the mischief-maker and tigress of the narrative, has blue eyes and flaxen hair. Emma was created by Mr. Hood before we knew anything of Lady Audley, and she is, besides being a little older person, a trifle pleasanter. She is, however, of the same breed, and is the evil genius of a tale in which bigamy, robbery, and worse are important incidents.

We can confidently recommend Emma Rewth to that portion of the public which relishes a terrific but fascinating blonde. What is more, we can recommend readers of all classes to take up Mr. Hood's book. It is not only full of adventure, with real pretensions to character, plot, and description, but it contains good, unstrained writing of a kind that has latterly been very rare in novels. On the whole, we should think publishers, as well as novel readers, would have an eye on this new comer—as a novelist, this inheritor of an illustrious name is new—for there is something fresh and free about his manner that is wonderfully taking, and he can evidently write a story. Here is a little specimen of his badinage:—

HOW TIME FLIES.

When one has an abundant supply of harassing things to think about time does not hang heavily on hand. There is no greater mistake than to fancy that the days fly fast when we are happy, and lag dreadfully when we are miserable. I am writing this chapter at the open window of the Hotel, at—, and I dare say am set down by the three young ladies in round hats on that seat on the parade outside as a commercial gent, giving a detailed account of his business tour to his employers in London. Let those three young ladies blush for their error when they see these lines.

Well, as I sit here I see Claude Featherstone, of the Audit Office, taking the sea air with his bride. They have been married five weeks last Wednesday. But I have seen Claude yawn five times in three turns along the esplanade, and I believe firmly that on the three occasions when Mrs. F. scratched the side of her delightful little nose with her crochet implement she only did so to conceal a yawn.

Now, on the other hand, there is that young De Ffessit, of the 171st Foot (the Hampshire Buffs), smoking one of the hotel cigars on the beach below. I know he is staying here chiefly because he can't pay his bill and leave. He is aware that Shears and Broadcloth, of Bond-street, have discovered his whereabouts, and that Moss is unwilling to "wait for de monish" any longer on that very over-expired bill. What is he saying to himself when he sees Basham? Basham is a member of a legal firm, and always comes down here on Saturday afternoons in company with the *Illustrated News* and *Bell's Life*. "By Jove! what, Saturday come again? Gad, how time flies!"

Without telling here the plot of "A Disputed Inheritance," we may mention that, in the end, the worst does not happen, and, above all, that a place for repentance is found for the blonde tigress. To this it may be added that Mr. Hood is a sincere writer, and does not tamper with moral commonplaces in that latterly-approved vein which makes you inclined either to question everything, or to cuff the writer if you could get at him.

Neither by way of praise nor by way of dispraise, but simply as a criticism, we may observe that there is something strikingly feminine about Mr. Hood's mind. Probably he is not unconscious of it. At all events, whatever "inheritance" may be "disputed," there is one which is beyond dispute—his own inheritance of a portion of the sacred fire from his father.

Chesterford, and Some of its People. By the Author of "A Bad Beginning." 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A good, old-fashioned, country town, such as "Chesterford" is described, is always sure to contain sufficient natural character and incident for a diverting story. To begin with, it never could exist without a parson, and he is sure to be a good man, with one or two prejudices and quaintnesses, and possibly is well foiled by a dismal curate or a stupid clerk. Then a doctor—a fussy man, who does nothing except back up the opinions of others and look profound. Ordinary gentlemen and ladies abound, well dashed with a few "folk" from London. A handful of pompous tradespeople must follow, and these must be on familiar terms with everybody. A "no'er-do-well" may be included with advantage, and a miser or recluse brings up the rear as naturally as the printer's name at the tail of the volume. These people "meet, bill and coo according to custom," and most probably marry. A death or two is not unlikely, and some young lady is sure to "go in" for village improvements and schools.

"Chesterford" is very much like that. It has one slight story and an amusing group of everyday details in no way concerning the hero and heroine. Once understood from that view, it will be found sufficiently entertaining reading. The story is no more than this. There are two cousins—girls—one country, one town. Katherine, the country girl, is rather given to flirting, and trifles far too much with love because she has never thought about it. Harriett, the town girl, is very anxious to marry, but has thought only of love to the conclusion that it is in no way to be considered so good an element of marriage as a large fortune. But when Mr. John Parkholm comes all natures change.

Such a Lord is Love.

Parkholm himself has been talked into becoming a fierce woman-hater, but these fine principles soon fall to the ground. One of the girls—the reader must find out which—attracts him fatally. Katherine loves him by degrees, gently, but with a true strength; whilst Harriett loves him with a reckless demonstration that would suffice to ruin her for ever in the eyes of her sex. Finally, after countless trials and lovers' stupidities and perplexities, all three marry—in the last chapter of the last volume, where the fact may be found by many who will doubtless be interested in the search. For this, the important part concerning the Chesterford people, some high praise is due. The characters are fairly lifelike and interesting. They are not exaggerated, but good specimens of ordinary people under somewhat extraordinary circumstances. Above all, they make love like lovers, and—despite the cynics—not altogether like fools.

Some twenty more characters will be found hovering around the three principals as friend or acquaintances. The story—a broken flower—of Polly Peacock and Ned Alston is touched with equal strength and beauty, and does not deserve its abrupt conclusion, especially as it has not the slightest connection with the main thread. The passage of disagreement between Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne also shows good capacity for giving intensity to commonplace; but that, again, might belong to any other book. In short, the material of the novel may be likened to a sham Chinese puzzle, or sham dissecting map, which will not put together. The stems of flowers must be securely bound to form a perfect bouquet. But we have read "Chesterford" with much pleasure, and, as novel reading goes, can conscientiously recommend it to the reading of others.

Old New Zealand. Being Incidents of Native Customs and Character in the Old Times. By A. PAKIHA MAORI. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The name "Old New Zealand" must be held to fall far short of a good joke, but yet it may claim the more valuable distinction of fully expressing what it is intended to mean. New Zealand is a something which might be described as only a quarter of a century old. Before that period Englishmen were few and far between; and now, when their visits are frequent, it may be doubted whether the natives look upon them as angelic. Recent fighting is proof that the celebrated "indomitable spirit of the Anglo-Saxon" is sometimes an indomitable nuisance to other nations; but yet in New Zealand we may indeed claim the glory of having spread much civilisation. The savages appreciate our little attentions in the way of Government and manufactures far more than the Chinaman or the mild Hindoo. New Zealand is a new place, and perhaps that "antiquity of things Asiatic" which so impressed Mr. De Quincey, may also impress Asiatics themselves with an undue sense of their own importance. New Zealand, however, can boast what no human being has ever been able to assert, that it has been old. The Europeans have played upon it a trick analogous to the transformation scenes of Madame Rachel. In a few visits they have made it beautiful for ever. So altered has the country become, that the "Pakeha Maori" is fully justified in thinking that some reminiscences of (say) forty years ago will be enjoyed by the British public. By-the-way, it may be as well to explain, for the benefit of those whose education has not been finished up to Maori language point, that "pakeha" signifies foreigner, or European, or Englishman, somebody not nearly so Zealandic as a native.

When the New Zealand chief came to England some five and twenty years ago, people admired his tattooing much, and his skill with firearms more. When Brown Bess reigned, and in a battle only one shot in eighty hit a man, and nobody in his wildest dreams had imagined a Prussian needle-musket or an Enfield-Pritchett small-bore, in those primitive days the New Zealand chief could hit a wafer at a large number of hundreds of yards. In the tattoo and the gun lay the whole character of the Maori some few years back. He was nothing without a gun, and he would give, if he had them, or promise, if he had not, countless pigs and whole fields of flax for such a gun as might draw tears of pity from an English sporting squire. And all this was because a man's life—without a gun—was not worth a straw. It was a certainty that he must be eaten. The result of this gun-hunting has been that the natives have worn themselves out in their desperate exertions to breed pigs and raise flax, and that their anxiety to secure the means of preserving life has actually led to something approaching extirpation. At present it is reckoned that the numbers of English and of natives are, as nearly as possible, even.

The Pakeha Maori's description of manners and customs at the Antipodes are singularly fresh and vigorous, abounding in quaint humour and a certain grim philosophy which, happily, belong now to the past. There is something of the upside-down cruelty of Swift's manner in describing such practices as eating enemies and robbing friends. It is not too much to say that there is not one page in the volume which is not interesting in itself, and amusing on account of style. The same can scarcely be said of any book since "Eothen," with which, however, we have not the slightest intention of comparing the New Zealand pages.

EMIGRATION FROM EUROPE TO AMERICA.—It is understood that the Government has selected an agent or agents to go to Europe to operate largely to augment the present tremendous volume of emigration hither. It is desired that the tide of new comers, representing all vocations, shall be turned into the slave States, with a view to put a new people in contact with the freed men.—*New York Herald.*

THE STATISTICAL CONGRESS AT BERLIN.—The Statistical Congress has entered upon its business; but the délat, and probably the usefulness of the meeting, are likely to be sadly impaired by the political difference between the Government and the Liberal leaders coming into play upon this, which might be deemed neutral, ground. Most of the principal Prussian statisticians, who also belong to the Liberal Opposition, have resolved to stay away from the Congress in consequence of the insulting conduct of the Government in the arrangements.

WORKHOUSE BREAD.—At the last meeting of the Chelsea vestry, Dr. Barclay, medical officer of health, reported that he had tested bread obtained from some of the poorer districts in the parish to determine the quantity of alum contained, and he found that the worst was that supplied to the workhouse. Some of the vestrymen who were also guardians excused their remissness by stating that they could not individually detect the presence of alum in bread. The chairman of the guardians said, although the contractor's price was the lowest, proceedings would be taken if the bread supplied was not according to contract. It was resolved to send Dr. Barclay's report to the board, in order to have immediate steps taken in the matter.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 155.)

CHAPTER X.

THE Count's anger had not much time to cool. Herodestraight to Lord Gaveloch's.

"Monsieur the cousin of milord was there. He was occupied with certain persons—no, not visitors. But, doubtless, he would be charmed to see the Count," who, accordingly, sent up his name and followed in person.

Strensal was sitting at a table, with a pen in his hand and a paper before him, on which he had taken down the statement of the engraver who had executed the false seal, and given a "convincing description" of a beautiful young lady—Italian, as he conjectured, by the slight accent with which she spoke. She had come to his shop at the corner of the Rue de l'Estelle and the Rue de la Navette, near Montmartre, early in the morning, about a fortnight ago.

The description ran thus:—"Hair black, thick, with a natural wave; forehead, full and higher over the temples than at the parting, where the hair grows down to a sort of point; eyebrows strongly marked, slanting upwards at the outer corners; eyes large, dark, piercing, deeply fringed, well split; nose straight, Grecian, the nostrils rather large and vigorously modelled; mouth expressive; lips full, scarlet, well formed; superb teeth; complexion a creamy white; no deepening of colour on the cheeks; a small brown mole on left side of the chin." At this point further particulars had been considered superfluous.

A broken rouleau and scattered heaps of gold pieces lay on the table. The men were pocketing their reward and making their bow when Gaston was ushered in, so close on the heels of his announcement that he must have heard Strensal say to the servant "he would be ready to receive him after a minute."

"I hope I do not interrupt affairs too private," said Gaston, coming into the room with what, in his own language, might have been termed a *pas hautain et déagré*, which we will translate a "bumptious and rather hostile swagger." He stared at the man, took off his hat (as if with a protest against its being removed with any other view than the relief of his head), and deposited it and his riding whip on the sofa, with something of a tossing action, though he could not be absolutely said to "chuck" them.

Now, the hat has from time out of mind been a great symbol of ceremonial solemnities. The orthodox old Castilian, when you pay him a visit, makes it a point of etiquette to take your hat from you and set it down, gingerly, on a separate place of honour.

Between this antiquarian precision and the vague, uncomfortable manoeuvres of the average true Briton, with his hat, which, in the trying circumstances of a morning call, he wields, delicately and dubiously, as an appliance fraught with embarrassment as well as consolation, there is a great gulf.

But the Englishman's uncertainty whether to hold his hat in one hand all the time, which is formal and monotonous; or to balance it between both hands, when, at some inopportune moment, he is sure to turn it over and let his gloves fall out; or to set it on the ground, where, in the writhings of conversational torture, it is sure to be upset and trundle away into the middle of a dreadful expanse of drawing-room carpet—all these doubts, and many more concerning hats at dinner parties, &c., are vestiges of a mediæval code in which the wisdom of our ancestors was shown by acknowledging the dignified importance of the hat, and legislating definitely on its management.

We Britons suffer most by our hats, because we have allowed the laws of hat manipulation to fall into laxer confusion than any other European nation. A Frenchman learns to manage his hat, as a Spanish lady practises with her fan; and similarly he can express a good deal with his hat.

Strensal knew before anything further had taken place that Gaston had come with the intention of making himself disagreeable, and the engravers, as they went down stairs, agreed that the *pimpant petit maître*, who had just entered, seemed prettily stuffed with combustibles, and ready to explode with *pas mal de tapage*.

"He carries not a long fusée (mèche) to his bombshell. Allez."

"Vous avez bien raison. Sa poitrine était toute bombée de colère, et quant à la mèche, son œil était très méchant." The engravers were in cheerful spirits, having made a good day's work, and could afford to be amused with small pleasantries on a state of affairs which might threaten ever so serious consequences to other people.

Strensal had no particular desire to present himself in the character of flint to Count Gaston's ready steel, and prepared to try the efficacy of soft answers. Therefore, when M. D'Ardeley announced with a dry serenity that he "was there to address to him a few words," he begged him to be seated, and promised him his best attention.

Gaston would rather have been met in a less amiable spirit. His grievance was not quite definite enough to bear ventilation in a calm atmosphere. He had expected his manner would have engendered a certain amount of asperity. The lucifer match may be ever so well dipped in brimstone and tipped with phosphorus, but it requires some moderately rough surface to strike a light upon. Still, he had formally announced his few words, and must say something.

"You have affirmed that there was disloyalty on my part in the affair of honour I was engaged in with Lord Gaveloch, and you have undertaken to redress it?"

"Who told you so?"

"Sir! When I address you a serious interrogation it is not polite to reply by another question."

"I ask your pardon. I inquired for your authority, conceiving your first words to be an assertion. If it was a question?"

"How, Sir? If it was! When I tell you it was a question."

"Very well; permit me to answer it. I?"

"Not only I permit; I exact."

"To exact is unnecessary when my answer is as willing as it is simple. I never."

"If it is so simple and voluntary, it seems singular you should be so long in uttering it."

"Less singular than plural; three times already your interruptions have delayed it."

"Ah! you joke. It is very droll," said the Count, with a sneer; and then rising from his seat, he added, "Do you know it is very difficult for foreigners to jest in French? But we will give you a few lessons. You will see that the principal difficulty of it is—that unless you begin very adroitly, in the intention to be *plaisant*, you become impolite, and then you live not long enough to acquire the art; for the air of France is very fatal to those who lack politeness."

"Really? Monsieur le Comte looks very well! But then he is just returned from travelling for his health."

"Bravo! Monsieur makes progress. I believe well that after a single lesson he will become altogether spiritual without being offensive."

"Thanks for the compliment. And who is to give me this desirable lesson?" Strensal had risen at the same moment as the Count, who with a contemptuous air appeared to be considering the requisite proportions of his coffin.

As they stood facing one another at a moderate distance, Gaston was obliged to admit to himself that in stature and bulk his antagonist was not contemptible. He had, moreover, a vigilant, resolute look, which did not practically encourage an approach to closer quarters, though it was, theoretically, high time to administer some manual token of defiance.

"I charge myself with your instruction."

"Who recommends you as a professor of the art? You seem to me an indifferent performer."

"Insolent!" cried the Count, launching himself forward to deliver a *grand soufflet*, in a style which curiously resembled round-hand bowling.

Strensal, seeing that a breach of the peace was no longer to be

avoided, could not refrain himself from putting in a heavy counter with his right, as he stopped the *grand soufflet* with his left.

The Count went sprawling backwards across the sofa, making an explosive crash on the ill-fated hat, which he had flung down there on entering as a sort of *gage de bataille*, so that the first blossom and the ripe fruit of strife were united in one ruin.

The first instinct of a true Briton, when he has fairly floored his man, is to pick him up and see if he wants any more of it; and if not, the next instinct is to yield him succour and assistance.

The fallen antagonist was in no condition to take advantage of the former alternative, and, indeed, was unable to render much active co-operation in the latter. He was stunned by the shock, and lay with his head and shoulders on the floor and the rest of his body and legs across the sofa, over which he had been projected. Blood was gushing profusely from his mouth, where the blow took effect.

"It was a tremendous crash," thought Strensal, drawing the legs down to the level, and supporting the head. "I hope the teeth haven't stuck in his throat and choked him. It's an awful thing to have a row like this without witnesses!"

CHAPTER XI.

Gaston did not long remain insensible. After gurgling and gasping a few seconds, he coughed a small shower of scarlet specks over his shirt-front and white waistcoat, got his breath, and began to groan and make a feeble attempt to sputter out the blood and teeth.

Then he opened his eyes, and tried to ask where he was, and what had happened. He seemed scared by the sound of his thick, bubbling utterance, and stopped short.

"Wait till I get you some water to wash your mouth out. Here is a pillow for your head."

The unfortunate Count sat up, stared round the room, and seemed to remember himself; looked down at the blood streaming over his breast, put his hand to his mouth, and, finding a great gap in the front teeth both of his upper and lower jaw, uttered a piteous cry, and fell back groaning in an agony of despair.

"What is it? Do you feel worse? Are you in great pain? Are you going to faint? Shall I get you some brandy? Here, wash your mouth out!" said Strensal, setting down a basin, and giving him a glass of water, while he supported his head and shoulders. "Rinse, that will refresh you."

"Why am I not altogether dead, wretched that I am? Behold me all *abîmé*, disfigured for ever. Oh, my beautiful teeth; my poor, beautiful teeth! I am ruined, destroyed, lost! Who will ever look at me again? What woman will ever love me? I shall not support life thus! Suicide is preferable." Something of this kind passed through the Count's shaken brain as he washed out his mouth.

He had possessed a handsome set of front teeth, and prided himself not a little on them, as you might see by his smile. Indeed, the Count's self-worship made every portion of his sacred person precious to him. The more he thought of his "poor, beautiful teeth," the more grievously he pined himself. The catastrophe at first seemed almost inconceivable; and as he realised it he became more and more desperate.

"*Mon Dieu*, it is too cruel!" he cried, striking his forehead with his clenched fist.

"Calm yourself," said Strensal, gently restraining his arm as he knelt to support him. "Do not hurt yourself more; you are hurt quite enough already."

"Let me go! You have but half killed me. I desire to finish myself. I will not live disfigured and disgraced. I will precipitate myself by the window. Let go!"

"Not while you are in that humour. I did not allow you to hurt me without reason, nor will I allow you to hurt yourself. Be quiet; it is not worth while to struggle while I am holding you."

Nevertheless, he struggled; and when he had exhausted his returning strength, only to convince himself of his helplessness, the unhappy Gaston burst into tears.

When it came to that, Strensal let him subside on the pillows, and sat himself on a chair in front of him.

"Now you will be a little more reasonable, I hope; and, while you recover your breath, I will take the opportunity of answering the question to which you were too impatient just now to hear my reply. I never imputed any disloyalty to you in the affair of this morning, nor did my poor friend who lies dying by your hand in the other room. In the present case you have behaved much less discreetly. I presume you were urged to quarrel with me, *à tort et à travers*, by a young lady of your acquaintance, who would repay you with a smile or two for spitting me as well as poor Gaveloch like larks on your sword. She has no scruple about removing those whose existence inconveniences her. How do we inconvenience her? She desires to marry some one. No! not you—Lord Gaveloch's *cadet*, who will be heir to an immense succession on his *ainé's* death. The younger is my most intimate friend, and I have done my possible to prevent the marriage. Do you understand? When you have recovered yourself a little you will have to draw your sword in her behalf on me. And if you succeed better with arms than you have with the naked fist, she will say, 'Thank you; adieu!' I have no interest in preventing you from hurting yourself. I economise you for my own danger. I suppose you will, of course, expect your revenge for having been civilly received when you came to provoke me; for having been allowed to interrupt a satisfactory disavowal of your unsupported charge three times; and for having been received with the ordinary English formula of self-defence when you initiated the attack."

"It would give me much pleasure to kill you, that scarcely needs to be said. But how can I show myself before the world with a countenance so hideous? If I could kill you once for each tooth, that would not redress my wrong. All the world will know I have been beaten—mutilated. I never imagined you would strike so brutally. I did but raise my hand to engage you to a challenge. If you had received my blow, you would have had the choice of weapons. You might have chosen pistols. If you had shot me with a clean little bullet I should not have complained. I should have died like a gentleman. I should have left a handsome body, such as my friends could have looked upon without disgust when it was laid out in state. One would have said 'This poor dear Gaston has always the air noble, dead or living.' But to maul and crush me thus! Oh, it is barbarous—it is bloodthirsty! That is not honour, it is pugilism. *Oh ciel, c'est affreux! C'est infâme!*"

"This is childish! To break the peace is more serious than that. When you insist on fighting a pacific Englishman who has learnt the art of self-defence, you stake your features as well as your vitals on the game. We English have no admiration for the delicacies of polite murder. We consider fighting wicked and disgraceful, but, if we are forced into fighting, we hit hard, that we may have less trouble in keeping the peace for the future. If you were in England you would have to be satisfied with the present issue of the combat you gratuitously provoked, for there murder, even by mutual agreement, is a hanging matter. But, as I am in France, I must give you a chance of killing me. With regard to weapons, I am indifferent. If you choose pistols, I can hit you anywhere within two inches, and with the sword I shall give you more trouble than poor Gaveloch, who never could fence much. I always used to touch him about five times to his once with the foils. Do not hurry yourself; get your hurts healed. Fit yourself out with artificial teeth, so that you can show yourself without blushing for your personal appearance, and then make an appointment to kill me at your perfect leisure and convenience. I shall have to stay in Paris some days to see my poor cousin die, and I will let you know before I leave. Now, pick yourself up, if you can. Shall I dismiss your horses and order you a *fiacre*? You will hardly like to ride through the streets in that plight."

The Count managed to get up, but in so shattered and dilapidated a condition—pale, blood-stained, with bruised and swollen lips and toothless gums, tremulous in his movements, and groggy in his legs—that he looked very little like the spruce, dapper, and hectoring heroic personage who swaggered into the room half an hour before.

When he caught sight of himself in the mirror over the chimney-

piece he seemed seized with a vertigo, and staggered into an arm-chair.

"*Ah, quelle horreur! Quelle horreur!*" he muttered, as he sat shuddering, with his face hid in his hands. Then, after a few minutes' silence, he looked up, and said, in a much calmer and more reasonable tone than he had hitherto adopted,

"Monsieur, I am going to address to you words that you do not expect, and to ask of you a favour which you may misinterpret. It is possible you may think me infirm of purpose, and deficient in fortitude. In a moment of physical weakness you have seen me shed tears. Do not deceive yourself. I fear not death. I can support pain. What I cannot bear, what I fear more than death, is to be ridiculous. I have lived to be admired by men and loved by women. I have had much success. I have earned much envy. I cannot bear that my detractors should learn the facts of this evening. I desire to quit Paris this night. It will soon be dark; I will show myself to no one, and depart to some distant place where I am not known; I will not return until this ruin is repaired. I sacrifice the right to avenge myself, if you forego the narration of what has occurred. *D'abord*, I have acted like a madman and an imbecile. I know it. What you have told me has opened my eyes to the enigmas of the beautiful but perfidious Julia's conduct. I allowed her to enrage me against you with a mass of fictions. I have let myself be duped and sported with on all sides. This history must be cut short in silence. One will say it is to avoid the legal process for the death of Lord Gaveloch. I regret the affair with him. I regret my indiscretion with yourself. I even ask pardon for it, if only you will be silent on the subject. You have said that, to your ideas, no further appeal to arms is necessary. I provoked you unjustly. I attacked you indiscreetly. I was defeated. A combat is completed. I pray you only to believe it is not fear of death from which I save myself. If you think thus I demand weapons, enfeebled as I am with loss of blood, and we fight *à l'outrance* here, now!"

Strensal assured the Count that he did not doubt his courage, reminded him of the inconveniences of killing one another on the premises without witnesses, and agreed not to mention the circumstances of the encounter. And, to say the truth, he did not feel by any means proud of it.

The horses were dismissed, and a little after dark Gaston drove away in a *coupé*, with his mouth enveloped in a plaid.

He drove over the Pont de la Concorde a sadder, but not, perhaps, a much wiser, man than he had cantered across it in the afternoon.

For he was still bent on suicide; and, when he vaguely mentioned "some distant place where he was not known," he ought, in strict truth, to have said, "a distant world of which he knew nothing."

He had turned over in his mind several modes of self-destruction, the most plausible of which up to this time had been his original idea of taking a "tremendous header" out of a high window, so as to smash his face on the pavement, and obliterate the traces of his previous disaster.

But when he saw the pencilled streaks of the lamp reflections tremble downwards in the moving waters he thought drowning might be a pleasanter death, and those oily, writhing dimples would veil his remains from inspection and comment.

He would fill his pockets with shot, so that decomposition should not float his body up.

When he got home he found no shot in his gun-case. But all his lockers were not so badly provided. He came, in his search for weights, upon a canvas bag containing a few thousand francs in gold which he had won at cards from Lord Tintagel. That would do. Gold was heavier than lead.

He changed his clothes for a travelling-suit, which contained many pockets, and burned the bloodstained shirt and waistcoat as carefully as if he had been effacing the evidences of a murder.

His servant, coming to inquire whether the Count would sup at home, found the door locked, and was told to leave supper laid in the next room, to say "Not at home" to any one, and not to come near him again. The servant, when questioned afterwards, thought his master's voice sounded indistinct, as if he had been intoxicated; but then he only heard it through the door.

Two hours after midnight Gaston, enveloped in his plaid, reached the central arch of the Pont de la Concorde. The night had turned cold and wet, but still there were occasional passengers who balked his opportunity several times. It would not do to be picked up a fresh corpse, and exposed for recognition at the Morgue. He must have a clear coast. The delay was truly annoying.

A sergeant of police came by and eyed the Count suspiciously, though he had put himself in motion and passed at a brisk walk. When he turned to look back the sergeant had stopped to reconnoitre. This was fatal. He must disarm the aroused vigilance of that officious sergeant.

An empty *citadine* with a drowsy driver appeared, and Gaston hailed him and got in.

"Where does Monsieur desire me to drive him?" Gaston, in his impatience, mentioned a place to which, but for the officious sergeant, he might possibly have reached by water instead of land.

"*Barrière d'Enfer!*" cried the drowsy driver. "Do you know that is diabolically far off? My poor horse is weary, and I am returning home quite in the contrary direction."

"Drive where you will! Do not stand here! Whip! *En avant!*"

The man whipped and the weary horse stumbled on in his original direction.

"I live near the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and I go thither; nowhere else."

"I demand nothing better," cried the Count, who saw the finger of destiny pointed in this suggestion. He would go in for railway accidents.

The four o'clock train, composed principally of third-class carriages, conveyed Count Gaston D'Ardelay out of Paris and removed him beyond the scope of this narrative.

He changed his mind about throwing himself out of the carriage in full career. He entered into relations with a decorative painter on his way to look for employment in Brussels; and, for a reasonable consideration in hard cash, possessed himself of the poor artist's passport and ticket. The decorator was delighted to go back to Paris with a few hundred francs in his pocket.

In Brussels it is to be presumed that the Count got his repairs neatly executed. For some months afterwards he re-appeared in Parisian society with no signs of what had happened to him.

Only it was observed that he smiled seldom and slightly. He never alluded to Brussels as a place he had visited. His self-worship seemed less enthusiastic; his egotism less confident. He devoted himself more to cards, and less to love-making.

Moreover, he ceased altogether to take pleasure in English fashions or English society.

(To be continued.)

TO ARTHUR HELPS, ESQ.,

CLERK TO HER MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

In re Advocate-General of Bengal, Appellant,

and

Ranee Surmoyee . . . Respondent.

DEAR SIR,—The above is the title of a cause heard before the Privy Council this summer, in which the question related to the forfeiture of the property of a wealthy Hindoo, who had, in a fit of religious fervour, thrown himself under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, and so perished. In the argument before the Lords of the Council the subject of "suicide" in general was discussed—with very little intelligence. A case of this kind, like a lunacy case, or a case into which physiological or theological considerations largely enter, is sure to bring out the poverty of the professional mind, and the comical ineptness of experts in handling their specialities; also the defects of the law, and the shallowness of public opinion on questions of right and wrong.

Among living minds yours is one of the most hospitable, the most ready to reconsider things. In your "Companions of my Solitude" (1851), you said you had a suspicion that some of the Roman Emperors had been malign'd, and felt sure that it was so

somebody would one day grub up the subject and give your suspicion a voice. I believe the thing has just been done in the *Cornhill Magazine* by an extremely acute and independent hand. Nero is, I am told, quite re-habilitated. Well, I am not going to invite you to re-habilitate Self-murder; but I remember what Oulita did in a certain tragedy of yours, and the state of the law, and the reasons (or no reasons) upon which is founded the public opinion that supports the law, may profitably be reconsidered. Perjury is committed by juries in nine tenths of the cases of suicide that come before them. Should that be so? The personal property of a *felo de se* is forfeited to the Crown. Should that be so? The strange part of it is that though the will of a *felo de se* is void as to his goods and chattels, his landed estate may pass as he has bequeathed it: strange, because *absolute* property in land is an admitted wrong. But the whole subject is in a curious condition; and it is not doing the world a bad service to let them know what difficulties beset questions which they are accustomed to consider unembarrassed.

The taking away of one man's life by another is, by the law of England, either murder, manslaughter, or justifiable homicide. But do these categories meet all possible cases? In "Notes and Queries," I find the following anecdote:—"In the year 1793, an aged peasant, whose cabin neighboured my residence, lay in *extremis*, lovingly tended by his wife and daughter. The Christmas Eve was nearing its close, and they religiously believed that, should he pass away at its synchronism with the Christmas morning, he would escape purgatory, and directly enter Paradise. The church clock began to strike twelve. The wife took the bolster from under the dying man's head, and pressed it down on his face; the daughter seated herself on his breast, and their purpose was accomplished, no secret being made of the deed—no wonder manifested—no notice taken."

The teller of the story naturally goes on to ask:—"Was this a murder? So far from possessing murder's primary condition—malice—it was done in all affection and piety. The husband and father could not survive another hour; a moment's quickened suffering would secure to him (so these simple women imagined) a painless eternity."

Manifestly this was not murder at common law, because it was not malicious killing; but, unless I am mistaken, to aid and abet in suicide is by statute made murder; and under some such heading, the act in question might, perhaps, be classified, on the ground that the dying man himself would have solicited it, if he had had the forethought. With regard to the man himself, it would, taking that view of it, be a case of suicide, by the hand of another, with a religious motive, and would take rank with that of a Hindoo widow voluntarily submitting to be burned. The case of Thuggee is different. No man can logically claim a religious right to slay another against his will. It is not persecution to hang the devoutest Thug; for all question of rights presupposes a common right to existence; and, that being denied, we are thrown upon the simple aboriginal dilemma of force against force.

But, now, supposing the old man in the case just quoted had objected to be put to death, and had still been smothered, what right of his would have been violated? The right of self-preservation—his right to his own life—his right to do what he pleased with it, so long as he deprived nobody else of the same right; the right, in fact, which is the very first postulate of moral science. And then arises the difficulty which has been felt by moralists in making out the wickedness of suicide. If they admit the right of self-preservation, how can they possibly deny the right of self-destruction? If this Hindoo had left his wife and children chargeable to the State, the State might have complained. But, on the contrary, he left property behind him, and the State fought for it! I suppose the reason that the law would assign for confiscating the personality of a man who commits *felo de se* is that of discouraging the crime; but it is certainly a questionable thing to punish those whom he leaves behind him by taking forcible possession of what he had acquired. Whether it is right or not for the Crown to appropriate the goods of any felon is a question which will have to be considered some day. I am bold to say it is wrong; and the case of the suicide is peculiarly open to doubt. I am not able to suggest any sort of legal influence which might be brought to bear upon persons contemplating self-destruction; but the confiscation in question is very disputable policy, to go no further. The posthumous indignities which used to attend the burial of suicides, and perhaps may still, have, I suppose, very little deterring effect, if any.

A consideration which cannot fail to startle the mind of a person who has never attended to the difficulties of the subject is, that the majority of mankind have, in all ages, considered self-destruction blameless, and often honourable. It would be trite to mention the ancient Hebrews (1 Sam. xxxi. 4), the ancient Scandinavians, Greeks, and Romans, and the modern Japanese. The present European feeling about the crime is of ecclesiastical origin, and has reference to the horror which was formerly felt if a man died without extreme unction. One obtains a glimpse of the same feeling in the petition put up in the Litany against "sudden death." Moral philosophers have always felt great difficulty in dealing with the subject. (See Paley, "Moral and Political Philosophy," Book IV., chap. iii.; and Butler's "Analogy," last chapter, heading "Fourthly.") Sometimes a case occurs which seems to knock general principles to atoms. I need do no more than refer to the most painful stories of the Indian mutiny—the story of the Round Tower of Jhansi; and the story of Misses Baba who, after decapitating the souldar and two others, flung herself into the well of Cawnpore.

I am not going to trouble you with commonplaces about the sacredness of life and the undoubted fact that life is held sacred in proportion as men improve; but I may say that I am not without a hope that a demonstration of the wrongness of self-destruction may some day be dug out as tracks of thought are explored in that direction—the direction, namely, of the relation of every life to the Life of all life. In the meanwhile we are not without guidance—far certainly everything points towards such a demonstration as possible. Wherever there is suicide, allowed, there is infanticide, allowed. Let us suppose that in modern Europe we had been in the habit of dispensing with weakly-looking babies as soon as born, because there seemed no chance of their living or being of any good to the world. We should then have had neither Goethe nor Victor Hugo. Of all the concomitants of what is called progress, not one is more striking than this of the increased and ever-increasing value which human life assumes. Not only is the destruction of it regarded with a deep-seated disapprobation, but it comes to be made the most of even in its very lowest forms. We hold ourselves bound to assist the idiot in the utmost possible development of his poor little spark of the sacred fire; and well we may, for our reward may be incalculably great. Upon the principle which would justify suicide, the world might, in reason, have dispensed with one of its greatest women, LAURA BRIDGMAN, the blind deaf-mute. Why should she choose continued life, or why should it be chosen for her? Yet her wonderful intellect, and strong, bright nature, have, in spite of limitations which appear to turn life into no-life, pushed our notions of human possibilities immeasurably farther forward, and conquered new land from doubt, and mystery, and dread. Let any one, then, who thinks his life is worth nothing, or who feels sure that its productiveness is at end, pause, and reflect that it may be precisely worth, for what he knows—a new miracle to guide and cheer his fellow-creatures.

In all this you would, no doubt, agree with me, only you would say it better. And it is just possible you may have, what I have not, something practical to say, of a positive nature, concerning the treatment of suicide by the law. At present, I am only clear upon one point—that the present treatment of it is altogether wrong.

A SOLDIER OF CONSCIENCE UNATTACHED.

* If a man may "own" a thousand acres of the planetary surface he may own a million; if a million, a hundred million; if a hundred million, the whole of it—in other words, he may kick other people off into space. Which is absurd. Therefore a man may not own land. Q. E. D.

† Which is in some Nonconforming churches, where the Prayer Book is used, altered to "unprepared death."

C O S T U M E S O F T H E R O M A N P E A S A N T R Y .



ROMAN MILKWOMAN.



PEASANT OF PIPERNO.



ROMAN AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.



ROMAN CARTER.



ROMAN WOMAN OF THE LOWER CLASS.



PEASANT WOMAN OF TRASTEVERA.

A FEW TYPES OF
ROMAN LIFE.

THE visitor to Rome, who is at first disappointed by the commonplace elements which he discovers in a city where he had made up his mind that everything savoured either of the severely antique or of the modern picturesque, will gradually grow into a more cheerful appreciation of the life in that wonderful city. In its narrow street and before its faded palaces, under the full glare of an Italian sky, there moves an ever-changing crowd, composed of the representatives of all European nations. The lively little French soldier has, of course, a very prominent part to play in the ordinary traffic of the streets; but in the main the little French soldier is personally such a *bon camarade* that we cannot on this ground have much objection to him. Rome in carnival time has come to be a mockery, a delusion, and a snare to travellers in search of excitement and picturesque confusion; but Rome on some of the Papal feast days in fine weather, when everybody rides except the very poorest, and holiday dresses see the light, is still full of gorgeous contrasts and "bits of colour;" while the principal picturesque element is to be discovered in the quaint and often graceful costumes of the lower class, belonging either to the city or to the neighbouring villages. The truth is that, apart from that unevenness of surface which characterises it, Rome gives a thousand various points of view from which the city and its buildings present a wonderful combination of forms; and it must be allowed that the Roman is enough of an artist to make, as a distinguished writer has said, "even dirt picturesque." Thus the butchers' shops will sometimes be ornamented with leaves and flowers. The greengrocer, notwithstanding the litter of decaying vegetables which rots outside his stall, has a fine eye for the contrast of colour in fruits and bulbs; and all the small dealers are noticeable either for the decorations of their stalls, the variety of their costumes, or the classic lineaments which many of them still preserve. The variety of attire presented in the streets of the Eternal City is unmatched in any other part of the world; and we have already published some of those types which are amongst the most common in ordinary life—common from the fact that in Italy the different ranks, and even the localities, of the people are marked by some distinctive costume, and the cast-off garments of one class are never worn at secondhand by another.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, DEDICATED BY NATURAL SELECTION TO DR. CHARLES DARWIN.



NO. 17.—SLOW AND SURE.—(DRAWN BY CHARLES H. BENNETT.)

In the same way, the places in the neighbourhood of Rome adhere to their distinctive peculiarities, although there is a general resemblance amongst them, and even the peasant (rather brigandish he is in appearance) who comes to the city through the bad weather, which is sometimes experienced in Italy as well as elsewhere, wears his great brown cloak with ease and even with grace, and, if the day is fine, decorates his steeple-crowned hat with flowers or ribbons. Scarlet-waistcoated, be-buttoned, and even embroidered, he is a brave companion to the woman, whose flaming bedice, gay with coloured ribbons, is enough to call attention even from that won-

derful headdress, so ample and so snowy white. This headdress is the most striking part of her costume, however; it is usually of white linen, lying in a square fold upon the top of the head, and fastened to the back hair by a silver arrow, the shape of which often indicates whether the wearer is married or unmarried. Occasionally this head-covering is made to assume the shape of a hood, and joins the white kerchief on the shoulders; but, however disposed, it is certainly both graceful and useful beneath the hot glare of a Roman sky.

Who that has ever entered the open space in the Piazza di Spagna (the carriage-stand of Rome) will readily forget the wondrous diversity of the vehicles, or the half-bandit half-ostler like appearance of the drivers as they sleep lazily on their seats? The strangely-rickety old carriages, the creaking chaises, the patched and ragged harness, the little, half-groomed wiry horses, and the general hubbub and confusion of the scene, make the Piazza di Spagna one of the most extraordinary places in the city. A motley assemblage of loungers is usually mixed up with the horses and carriages—here a solitary individual keeping an appointment, and wrapped mysteriously in a cloak; there a lively group chattering and gesticulating as only Italians can talk and use their fingers; in that sunny corner, but sheltered by the angle of the wall, half a dozen idlers are lying waiting till they can beg enough to buy a melon, and hoping to victimise the English and American visitors. A more pleasant figure is that of the milkwoman yonder, carrying that strangely antique-looking jar upon her head, and walking as though there were no such law as gravitation applying to articles of earthenware. A fit companion to her in freshness, and at least the appearance of honest industry, is that stalwart reaper who has just come in from the country, scythe in hand, and dressed in a costume admirably suited to the weather. Upon that flight of steps, leading to the promenade on the Pincio, or at least on that portion of it between the piazza and the first broad landing-place, you will see the originals of those figures which abound in pictures. There is the old pilgrim, with white beard, staff, and scallop shell—an artful old pilgrim, who makes a very good thing of his "get up;" and there, lounging or sitting in every variety of attitude, are "contadinos," who will sit either for bandit, mountaineer, or shepherd. There is no lack of



THE CAMP AT CHALONS.—FRENCH SOLDIERS ON FATIGUE DUTY.

models even for Madonnas and children; and many a temporary living is made out of special excellences in face or figure.

Whatever may be the shattered and faded appearance of the meaner streets in Rome, in these great public resorts there is a grandeur which will grow upon the visitor. The places from which many of the peasants come—that is to say, the villages adjacent to the Eternal City, are among the most miserable places in the world, especially when the weather is unpropitious. Mr. Charles Dickens, in his "Pictures from Italy," has reproduced, with a graphic power which belongs to no other writer, the influences which affect the traveller to Rome by the Campagna Romana, under depressing circumstances:—

"A short ride brought us to Roneigliani, a little town like a pigsty, where we passed the night. Next morning, at seven o'clock, we started for Rome. As soon as we were out of the pigsty we entered on the Campagna Romana, an undulating flat (as you know), where few people can live, and where, for miles and miles, there is nothing to relieve the terrible monotony and gloom. Of all kinds of country that could by possibility lie outside the gates of Rome, this is the aptest and fittest burial-ground for the Dead City. So sad, so quiet, so sullen; so secret in its covering up of great masses of ruin and hiding them; so like the waste places into which the men possessed with evil spirits used to go and howl, and rend themselves, in the old days of Jerusalem. We had to traverse thirty miles of this Campagna; and for two-and-twenty we went on and on, seeing nothing but now and then a lonely house or a villanous-looking shepherd, with matted hair all over his face, and himself wrapped to the chin in a frowy brown mantle, tending his sheep. At the end of that distance we stopped to refresh the horses and to get some lunch in a common, malaria-shaken, despondent, little public-house, whose every inch of wall and beam inside was (according to custom) painted and decorated in a way so miserable that every room looked like the wrong side of another room, and, with its wretched imitation of drapery and lopsided little daubs of lyres, seemed to have been plundered from behind the scenes of some travelling circus."

SLOW AND SURE.

Slow enough, in all conscience; but sure of what? Sure of a Dinner, without appetite—sure of Books, but not able to read—sure of Pictures, without eyes to see withal—sure of Wealth, but having no power of enjoying the same? That is good surely, is it not?

But he is slow and sure—slow to give and sure to take; slow to believe and sure to mistrust; slow to make friends and sure to offend them. He looks a stout old gentleman enough, does he not?—a "warm" old party? But you must not judge him by appearances; for he is the original of that Tortoise who ran a race against the Hare, and won it. Before that eventful time he was a money-bag (he is little else now); but see what his money-bag period came to. Out dropped the money; away it flew like—like what? look at the end or beginning, whichever you call it—like water through a sieve.

What is the use of money to such an old Reptile as our civic friend? He fancies he will gobble Turtle when he himself is the one to be devoured. His gathering is of no good; it will make unto itself wings soon enough for all his care.

Slow and sure? I'd rather a quick tumble and have done with it. That is a bad fable about the Hare and the Tortoise if it only points to a split money-bag and a sieve through which to spend its contents.

C. H. B.

THE CAMP AT CHALONS.

THE assemblage of a portion of the French army at Chalons every year has now become a matter of course, and attracts comparatively little notice. This year there was at one time an expectation that the troops there assembled might have to exchange the position of playing at soldiers for the stern realities of actual warfare; but that has now passed away. There will be no war with Russia—this year at least—and the Chalons camp has been broken up. All the operations of war, however, were regularly practised at Chalons, except the shock of armies in deadly strife; and from amongst these our Artist has selected the subject on the preceding page, which represents a party of French soldiers in the performance of fatigue duty.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.—The Archduke Joseph of Austria was betrothed to Princess Clotilde, daughter of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, on the 22nd ult.—A matrimonial union is also contemplated between Princess Anna of Hessen, born in 1843, and Archduke Ludwig-Victor of Austria, born in 1838, youngest brother of his Majesty the Emperor Francis Joseph.—A marriage is arranged between the Marquis of Tullibardine, son of the Duke of Athole, and Miss Moncrieff, daughter of Sir Thomas Moncrieff, of Moncrieff House, Perthshire.—The proposed union is announced of Mr. Constantine Phipps and Miss Mundy, a niece of Lord Tredegar.—Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Henry Byng, second son of the Earl of Strathford, will shortly be united to the Countess Henrietta Danneskiold, eldest daughter of Count Christian Danneskiold Samsoe.

LORD CLYDE AND THE ROYAL PLUM CAKE.—Lord Clyde was commissioned by her Majesty to proceed to Potsdam with the insignia of the honours bestowed on the Crown Prince of Prussia, previous to his marriage with the Princess Royal. Before starting on his mission he went down to Windsor to receive instructions, and on leaving was told the orders and badge, &c., would be forwarded in a box to his address in London. The box, with the Windsor seal, duly arrived, and Sir Colin proceeded direct to Berlin, where he was welcomed with all proper marks of respect. The hour was officially announced for the interview at which the Crown Prince was to receive the representative of the Crown, and Sir Colin, in full uniform, went to the box to take out the badges and insignia given to his charge. The amazement of Sir Colin may be imagined when he discovered that he was indeed in the wrong box, and that he had carried so carefully along with him a plum-cake and some other little tokens of affection sent by the Princess Royal to her betrothed, which had arrived before the Windsor officials had packed up the more stately, but perhaps less welcome, offerings. In a day or two the box came, and the mission was duly performed.

THE GERMAN PRINCES AT FRANKFORT.—The town is very full of anecdotes respecting the Princes. It appears that many of them were very dull in comprehending the questions under discussion, and that they busily occupied themselves in making notes, with the view of having the matter explained at home by their Ministers. Others, at all events, did not shine by their eloquence, and the Elector was significantly dumb, failing in his attempts to make some remarks. The most gifted were the Emperor, and the Dukes of Baden, Weimar, and Oldenburg; the King of Saxony was the most useful, by his talent in smoothing over difficulties; and the King of Bavaria certainly was one of the most honest and best intentioned. The Duke of Coburg was, as he always has been, the connecting link between Princes and people. The merits of the resolutions will now be fully discussed by the organs of the different parties; but the Austrians, by overshooting the mark, begin already to damage their cause.

TERRIBLE STEAM-BOAT EXPLOSION.—A shocking steam-boat disaster occurred at Vicksburg recently. The steamer City of Madison was being loaded with ammunition, and had received nearly her full load, when a negro carrying a percussion shell on board let it fall, causing an instant explosion. The boat took fire, and the fire communicated to the ammunition on board, blowing the steamer to pieces. Out of one hundred and sixty men on board, only four are known to have escaped.

THE AUSTRALIAN RIFLE-MATCH.—On Monday next the rifle-match between the Australian and English rifle volunteers will come off at the Sodbury rifle butts. The challenge was given by the Milang Company of Australians, and accepted by the No. 1 (Castle) company of the Nottingham Robin Hood, who were the best shots in England for the year 1862. The ten marksmen to represent the Castle company will be selected from the following:—Lieutenant Evans, Ensign Perry, Corporal W. Smith, Corporal Redfern, Sergeant C. W. Simkins, and Privates Shepperley, Coles, Bass, Noddall, Brewster, J. White, and Kirk.

FATAL COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.—During a heavy squall and rain last Sunday evening a shocking collision happened a few miles off Dungeness, which caused the foundering of the barque Elvira, Captain Hans, and the loss of several of the crew. The barque was on a voyage from Jamaica, with a mixed cargo of rum, sugar, and logwood, and was bound to Hamburg. She put into Plymouth on Saturday for orders, and resumed her voyage the same evening. The vessel was making her way up Channel, the wind blowing strongly from the N.W., with heavy rain, when she was run into by the Ocean King steamer, and sustained such fearful injury that she foundered. The owner of the Elvira, Mr. Bellamy, was on board his barque, and he and Captain Hans, the commander; Mr. Wilson, the mate; two apprentices, brothers, named Willy; and Edmund, the steward, were saved. The second mate, named Green; Holmar, a seaman; Yambin, an apprentice, and another are believed to have perished. The steamer is reported to have been much damaged.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

BRIGHTON has been compared to London at the seaside, and Worcester, during certain times in the afternoon, looks just now like London in the country. The musical festival has brought down from town not merely the artists, singers, and instrumentalists, but it has also attracted those *fanatici per la musica* whom one sees at every London performance—good, bad, and indifferent—and whom one finds even here. Worcester, then, is now *en pleine fête*. Flags are flying at every other house and at all the shops, though the owners do not themselves care about the festival; the Mayor is giving a grand breakfast; the Dean of the cathedral and many other dignitaries keep open house, and invite all comers; the citizens give nightly parties and balls; young ladies of tender years rush about the old-fashioned hotels, making the timbers creak again, and shedding sunshine at every step. Some of the finest singers and most experienced instrumentalists are here; and — and the oratorio performances are mediocre, and the evening concerts are atrociously bad. Whence the discrepancy? the reader will ask. If the band comprises the best of London performers; if the chorus singers are passably good and the principals the first in Europe, how is it the performances are not unexceptionable? If the performers sing and play well in London, why should they not do so in Worcester? But, gentle reader, you have forgotten the conductor. An orchestral conductor, it is true, is a recent innovation. But very few years ago the first violin led the Philharmonic orchestra, just as the leader of—say the New Royalty Theatre—now leads his diminutive band. We have, however, changed all that, and we have become so accustomed to a conductor that neither singers nor players can dispense with his services. If any reader nourishes a belief still held by many a musician that a conductor is of no use, let him come down to Worcester or Gloucester, and he will speedily confess his error. At the three cathedral cities at which these festivals for the maintenance of the orphans and widows of poor clergymen are given, it is the organist's privilege to conduct; now, however clever he may be, it is utterly impossible for a man who spends his own life in a country town to be practically familiar with the music of the day. Be he ever so studious he cannot do without the everyday experience of a London chef d'orchestre. Add to this, that there is literally only one day's rehearsal for the whole festival, and who can wonder that the performance is open to much reproach? The plain fact is, that the institution has long since grown out of the narrow limits to which it was at first confined. The local soloists are, of course, never heard, the local chorus is now reinforced by London and Birmingham contingents, the local instrumentalists have given place to metropolitan, and the local conductor must speedily follow. Until he retires the performances will always be unsatisfactory.

Herr Schachner's oratorio, the "novelty" of the festival, of which we spoke on the occasion of its production last year, has not yet been given at the time at which we write. We shall therefore reserve our account of the festival until next week, the more especially as we are unwilling to follow the example of some of our provincial confrères who describe the "Messiah" as though it were a new work. Suffice it for the present to say that the demand for tickets has been so great that many cheques have been returned.

RESTORATION OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

THE restoration of Worcester Cathedral, which has been under the hands of the architect and builder for some years, is now almost completed, a second series of works having been nearly finished, and the work being partially suspended during the holding of the festival of the three choirs. The change effected is most striking, both in the interior and exterior, but most remarkable in the former. Both in the nave and choir the walls, arcades, roof, and, in fact, the entire building, has been cleansed of the whitewash which the vandalism of ages ago laid thickly over the carved bosses and party-coloured stone of the building. The beautiful columns of black Purbeck marble which clustered round the massive pillars supporting the arches of the roof, and which had been plastered, like every other part of the building, with whitewash, once more break the monotony of colour. They have been thoroughly cleaned and polished, and the bosses on the groined roof have been gilt and coloured. Every stone in wall and roof has been cleansed, and even the bricks in the roof of the choir aisles have been cleared of the whitewash, and are now exhibited in their pristine nakedness. In the choir, which has just been opened for Divine service, after having been closed for many months, screens have been removed and galleries pulled down, giving more space for the congregation and opening the building. In carrying out these works it has been found necessary to remove some monuments, and the removal of Bishop Maddox's lofty cenotaph in the great cross aisle has opened a Norman arch, which is doubtless a portion of the structure raised by St. Wulstan. It is rather curious that, in further prosecuting these works, a second Norman arch has been discovered, in the corresponding position, on the north side of the great cross aisle, behind the famous monument, by Roubillac, of another Worcester Bishop (Hough). This is built up into a solid wall, like the arch now opened in the south aisle, and a suggestion has been made for opening this, and removing Roubillac's masterpiece to another position. Some other interesting discoveries have been made in the course of these works, notices of some of which have already appeared in the columns of the *Times*. A fragment of the arcade of a Norman triforium has been unveiled in uncovering and scraping the eastern wall in the vicinity of the window to the memory of Queen Adelaide. On the opposite wall, too, part of an Early English arcade is perceptible. Both these fragments are now open to observation. The great east window, which was placed in the International Exhibition last year, has been rebuilt, and, although the greater part of the projected works has now been accomplished, it is evident from the clusters of scaffolding here and there, both within and without the building, and the masses of stone in the College-green upon which workmen are busily at work, that much more remains to be done. The sum appropriated by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to these restorations is nearly exhausted, and whether another grant will be made or not is at present uncertain. In connection with the cathedral a proposition has just been made which, if carried out, will render Worcester famous. The Rev. R. Cattle, one of the Minor Canons of the cathedral, proposes to raise some £2000 or more by public subscription, for the purpose of placing in the cathedral tower a massive peal of ten bells, with chimes, and a great bell to compete with Westminster, and a public clock to be connected with Greenwich Observatory by electric telegraph. The proposition, which is intended to bear the character of a testimonial to the Dean of Worcester, is well received by the local gentry, both Churchmen and Dissenters.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—Monday, the 21st inst., being St. Matthew's Day, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, &c., of the city of London, will attend Divine service at Christ's Church, Newgate-street, where a sermon will be preached by the Rev. W. Romanis, M.A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, formerly one of the Grecians of Christ's Hospital. They will then hear the orations delivered in the hall by the senior scholars, according to annual custom.

THE TRIAL OF COLONEL CRAWLEY.—The charges on which Colonel Crawley is to be tried are as follow:—"1. For having caused the orders under which Sergeant-Major Lilley was placed in arrest in May, 1862, to be carried into effect with unnecessary and undue severity, whereby the Sergeant-Major and his wife were subjected to great and grievous hardships and sufferings. 2. For having stated, in his reply to Mr. Smale's defence before the court-martial, that it was Mr. Fitz-Simons's fault if the Sergeant's wife was inconvenienced by having the sentries placed near her bed, whereas he knew well that Mr. Fitz-Simons had acted in the matter by his express orders and direction."

YANKEE PATRIOTISM.—"No, William Baker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are equal in wealth and social position." The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine-looking young man of twenty-five. With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion. Six months later the young man stood in the presence of the haughty old man. "What! you here again?" angrily cried the old man. "Ah! old man," proudly exclaimed William Baker, "I am here, your daughter's equal and yours!" The old man's lip curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his cold features, when, casting violently upon the marble centre table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Baker cried: "See! Look on this wealth; and I've tenfold more! Listen, old man! You spurned me from your door, but I did not despair. I secured a contract for furnishing the army of the — with beef — 'Yes, yes!' eagerly exclaimed the old man. 'And I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find' — 'I see! I see!' cried the old man, 'and good beef they make, too.' 'They do! they do!' and the profits are immense." "I should say so." "And now, Sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand." "Boy, she is yours. But hold! Look me in the eye. Throughout all this have you been loyal?" "To the core!" cried William Baker. "And," continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "are you in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war?" "I am, I am!" "Then, boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy my children! And, whatever our lot in life may be, let us all support the Government." — *American Paper.*

THE LIONS FOR NELSON'S MONUMENT.

No animal has been more hardly used than the British Lion. His tail, and mane, and whiskers have been so pulled, he has been so poked up, made to rear and roar, to lash his sides or to lie down with the lamb, as the occasion might require, by every commonplace poet, orator, painter, and sculptor, that it is difficult to believe the beast more heroic than his showman. Vulgar art has thrust its head into his mouth so often that one can hardly believe his being approached with reverence by art of a worthier order.

But of all British Lions Nelson's British lion seemed the most ill-fated. To be quartered at the base of that Trafalgar-square column might have been thought bad enough. To be so long waited for made matters worse; to be squabbled over Session after Session in the House of Commons aggravated even the misery of being waited for. We are afraid to look back to the time when the hapless animal was first planned, or to guess how many generations of the famous "man and boy" have passed away since the pedestals were first raised for his reception. It is a far cry back, even to the year when Lord John Manners, weary of delay, commissioned the greatest of animal painters, Sir Edwin Landseer, to design the lion in question. The wisdom of this commission was contested. It was true that Sir Edwin had vanquished every animal he had encountered. His chief triumph, however, among wild things had been over the red deer. Of lions and such fierce felines the only trial he had made was in his picture of Van Amburgh, painted for the Duke of Wellington; and in his "Dead Lion," stretched, gaunt and ghastly, among the desert sands. Then Sir Edward's weapon was the pencil, not the modelling-tool, and his field of fight was not the clay, but the canvas.

The greatest men in the arts had been great both as painters and sculptors, but they belonged to times when the division of labour was unknown, and had received an education which brought the practice of all the arts alike within the grasp of hand and mind.

Even to those who looked at the commission from a more hopeful point of view, who had the fullest confidence in the power of Sir Edwin Landseer to master lions as well as stags, and to wield the modelling-stick after awhile as consummately as the camel-hair pencil, this essay in a new material of a great artist no longer in the fulness of health and strength was a matter of anxiety. The lions did not appear. Parliament waxed impatient, and took to chaffing and baiting Mr. Cowper on the subject. Mr. Cowper explained that Sir Edwin was studying lions at the Zoological Gardens; and people said such study ought to have preceded, not followed, the commission. Every one who knows Sir Edwin knows how sensitive he is to opinion, and his friends felt that this sort of thing was not likely to improve his lion. We were told, however, that the work was going steadily on in one of the many rooms included under the roof of Baron Marochetti's enormous studio. The place had been chosen rather for the benefit of clay than of counsel or co-operation; for Baron Marochetti held himself studiously aloof, and never even entered the room in which Sir Edwin was at work alone, for months daily, as long as daylight lasted. At last it was whispered that the British Lion was done, and within the last eight or ten days some friends and critics have been admitted to the studio where the design has been modelled. For them all doubts are resolved, all anxieties at an end. Sir Edwin's lion in clay is as masterly a work as the world would expect a lion of his on canvas to be. Only one lion has been modelled. A slight variation in treatment will enable the artist to adapt this one design to his four pedestals. The completed statue is not much above the size of a large full-grown lion, as we know the king of beasts in confinement. Probably it is not a bit larger than a magnificent specimen of *Felis Leo* in the natural state. The action is the simplest, but grandest; one natural to the animal, and right royal, as the action of the lion at the feet of Nelson should be. He is couchant, with his massive arms extended straight before him; his huge head, calm in the consciousness of might, erect and watchful, but with no anger nor defiance, except that which is inseparable from such strength.

The modelling of the head will at once strike every one who sees this noble design. Into this Sir Edwin has thrown all his unequalled power as a master of animal physiognomy, and his rapid pencil never rendered the subtle curvatures of bony and muscular surface, the delicacies of light and shadow, and the secrets of expression with more consummate skill on the canvas than they are here given by modelling tool and hand together in the clay. The difficulties of the mane and the shaggy fringe which extends along the fore part of the animal have been managed with great judgment. They are treated as simple masses, with no abuse of the opportunity which such a fell of hair affords for tricky display.

Altogether, we are at a loss to find a parallel for this lion of Sir Edwin Landseer in any monumental lion now extant. Looking first to ancient works, its naturalism takes it out of the pale of comparison with the Egyptian lions of the Campidoglio or the lions of the Assyrian friezes. The great lion of Onidos, now in the British Museum, is in too fragmentary a state for fair judgment. Among modern lions that of Canova is immeasurably inferior. Thorwaldsen's lion, erected near Lucerne as the well-imagined monument of the Swiss Guards who fell in defence of Louis XVI., derives so much of its effect from the site and the subject commemorated, and is treated so entirely in subordination to the ideal aim of the monument, that we can hardly measure the noble animal, wounded and dying, but defending its banner to the last, with Sir Edwin's lion, in the full mastery of its calm and watchful strength, thoroughly naturalistic in its points, from greatest to smallest, with only so much modification as is necessary to fit natural forms for monumental purposes.

The lion which Sir Edwin has completed will not be the actual one cast in bronze for the pedestals of Trafalgar-square. The actual lions of the monument will be 20 ft. long, instead of between six and seven, with all their other dimensions enlarged in proportion. The huge model of one of these twenty-foot lions is now being built up to scale in clay; and when it is completed Sir Edwin will have an opportunity of restudying his design in the size in which it is to be executed, and of making any modifications in his first model that the enlargement may render necessary. This done with one lion, a slight turn of the head, the movement of a limb, or the shifting of a paw, will give variety and life to the group, still preserving that harmony of action and character required for so large a monument. The different points of view from which the four lions will appear when looked at in combination would of themselves give a great variety of effect even to the same design four times repeated without variation.

In the same studio with this grand finished model are disposed about the walls two sketches in oil and four in crayon, life-size, of lions—the fruits, we presume, of that study in the Zoological Gardens which was laughed at in the House of Commons. The laughers should see in these sketches the result of the labours they thought it good taste to deride. But, looking from them to the model, we do not feel that Sir Edwin's power has been crippled by an unfamiliar material. Long known as the greatest of living animal painters—and, indeed, if Rubens had not painted his lion-hunts and wolf-hunts, the greatest painter of animals known to the art—Sir Edwin Landseer will, if the finished monument carry out the qualities of his design, be entitled to the praise of having given to the world one of the grandest examples of animal sculpture, and at the same time the only worthy conception of that much abused, but still noble quadruped, the British lion. — *Times.*

ARAB VERSUS ENGLISH HORSES.—The much-vexed point as to the merits of English and Arab horses has just again been tried in Cairo. All Pacha, who has the finest stud of Arabs in Egypt, maintained that no English horse could run against an Arab for four miles. His Highness Halim Pacha offered to run Companion, a well-known racer here, against him for any sum he liked. The match was run from the first station on the Suez Desert to Cairo. The English horse, which was bred by Lord Ribblesdale, won in a canter by more than half a mile. Such a crushing defeat has taken all courage out of the partisans of Arab horses. What astonished the natives most was that Companion, beating his adversary by so great a distance, was perfectly fresh and quite ready to turn round and run the distance over again, while the Arab was quite exhausted and blown.

LAW AND CRIME.

A CURIOUS case was brought before Mr. Arnold, at Westminster, on Tuesday last, upon a charge against one George Turner of fraudulently obtaining £300 from the Rev. J. Cox, of Hood Church, near Bickenhead. The prisoner had caused to be inserted in the *Times* an advertisement to the following effect:—

Advowsons for sale, with immediate possession; one £300 a year, with a small population; the other, £600 a year, and a very large population. Price £2800 and £6000. Principals only may direct "Zeta," Redford, 8, Sicamore-street, S.W.

The Rev. Mr. Cox replied to this announcement, and placed himself in communication with the prisoner, who accompanied him to the village of Hardwick, near Wellingborough, showed him over the church, and appeared in every way as if he had the right to dispose of the "property," which he said belonged to a friend of his. The complainant instructed his solicitors, who prepared an agreement, and he paid a deposit of £300 to bind the bargain. The prisoner from time to time put off the completion of the sale, and at length absconded. He was ultimately, after much difficulty, apprehended at Bath. It appeared that he had himself answered an advertisement in respect to the "property," and that he had used his own consequent negotiation with the proprietor's agent to obtain permission to view the church. These negotiations had been broken off previously to prisoner's receipt of the £300. After a long hearing of a portion of the evidence for the prosecution the magistrate remanded the prisoner for a week. On the question of bail it was shown that prisoner had been sought for to answer numerous charges of swindling committed by him under the names of "Captain Stanley," "Sir Henry Seymour," "Lord Charleville," and others. The magistrate thereupon refused to allow prisoner to be released on bail. Our readers will probably have remarked the singularity of a clergyman thus trafficking in the cure of souls. It came out incidentally during the hearing that another reverend gentleman had negotiated for the purchase of the advowson, "that his name had been down on the Chancellor's list, and he had waited so long that he was determined to buy a living for himself." We shall probably hear more of this peculiarity of the case before its final decision. Perhaps all our readers may not know how the sale of ecclesiastical benefices, in contravention of law and gospel, is thus apparently carried on openly. The device is ingenious. The benefice is not sold, only the advowson or right of recommending a pastor to the office and its profits. This is, of course, a totally different thing to those inclined so to view it. Simon, the first offender in this respect, from whom the crime of "simony" takes its name, lacked the ingenuity of our modern legal and theological casuists, to whom he may, perhaps, appear to have been punished not for his offence so much as for his simplicity.

A thief, detected and apprehended in the act of carrying away stolen lead from an empty house in Shore-ditch, admitted to the policeman who seized him that the offence was "a very paltry act;" and added, "In my time I have broken into and robbed jewellers' shops. See what it is to be reduced!"

A man, aged forty-eight, who had been privileged to attend the reading-room of the British Museum, was charged with stealing thence a paper-weight, value 3s. The prisoner might have disposed of it, as old lead, for about 6d. Several similar weights had been stolen; and a watch was consequently set and the prisoner detected. He declared that he had yielded to the pressure of extreme poverty. The magistrate sentenced him to three months' imprisonment. The correspondent of a contemporary expresses an opinion that this is a harsh sentence. But it must be remembered that a theft from a great public institution is not like stealing from a private stranger. In the one case an individual is deprived of his property; in the other a whole class is not only robbed but subjected to the suspicion of theft and the restrictions thereupon consequent. We are called upon to pity this poor thief because he only stole paper-weights and not books. The fact is that, had he stolen books, in the first place, he could not have disposed of them without rendering them almost valueless by destroying the Museum mark; and, secondly, the theft could not, under the reading-room regulations, have escaped detection for more than twenty-four hours. We confess to feeling no sympathy whatever for a thief who knows better than to steal, who has received the benefit of an education without learning how to apply it usefully, and who takes advantage of the privilege given him by reason of his acquirements to commit larceny under cover of a trust.

A young fellow named Godwin sued his father for £14 in the Sheriff's Court, London. The plaintiff swore that he had lent the money, which he had saved out of 2s. per week pocket-money allowed him by his father, the defendant. He added that his own actual spending had cost him "not more than 6s. a year, sometimes." The father denied that he had ever borrowed the money, or had ever needed it. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant, probably upon the consideration that a lad who would save £14 out of 2s. per week pocket-money would scarcely lend the amount to his own father without interest, security, or acknowledgment.

A farm labourer, named Hanman, of Kingston Magna, Dorset, was summoned before Alderman Waterlow for sending meat unfit for human food to market contrary to the statute. The meat was the product of a diseased cow, slaughtered in a lane. The prisoner had sent the "beef" up to town to Newgate Market, and admitted that he only expected about 2d. per pound for it. Mr. Alderman Waterlow committed him to prison for one month with hard labour, very justly observing, in reply to a request to commute the sentence upon payment of a fine, that "the fine would be paid immediately and the practice continue unabated, the injury arising from which would be incalculable."

A defendant named Forster pleaded infancy to an action, in the Lord Mayor's Court, to recover money paid for his use as insurance upon ships. The "infant" had traded as "Forster and Co.," kept an office in Cross-street, and had represented himself as being aged twenty-two. His infancy was proved, nevertheless; and the jury, compelled to give him a verdict, added that they did so with very great regret, upon which the Recorder observed, "All honest men must feel in that way."

BANKRUPTCY COURT.

RE LIEN, COL. DICKSON.—RELEASE FROM CUSTODY. This was an application on behalf of Lieut.-Col. Dickson, late of the Tower Hamlets Militia, for discharge from custody. The case of "Dickson v. the Earl of Wilton and others" is fresh in the memory of our readers, and it is stated that the bankruptcy arose through Col. Dickson not being able to meet his engagements in consequence of the result of the verdict and consequent costs.

The bankrupt, who had been for some time in the "lock-up" house, but subsequently was removed to Whitecross-street Prison, now surrendered.

Mr. Linklater appeared for Mr. Erick, the petitioning creditor.

Mr. Lucas appeared for Messrs. Lee, detaining creditors, to oppose the release, on the ground, first, that there was no petitioner's debt, that none was due to the petitioning creditor, and therefore that the petition was invalid altogether.

Mr. Linklater said that the adjudication had been made by his Honour, and this was not the time to dispute it.

Mr. Lucas—And that the petitioning creditor is amply secured.

Mr. Linklater said the learned counsel denies the petitioning creditor's debt, yet says he is amply secured.

Mr. Lucas—Secondly, that the bankrupt has not given up his property. At all events, if your Honour thinks it a case for release, it ought to be on bail.

Mr. Linklater—You are raising a legal issue as to the existence of the debt, and that cannot be tried in this way.

Mr. Lucas—There must be both a legal and equitable debt.

His Honour—I am asked not to release the bankrupt from custody; but you do not give any evidence.

Mr. Lucas—I will examine the bankrupt as to his property.

Mr. Linklater—It is a most ungracious opposition. His Honour—What have I got to do with the matter further than to say whether the bankrupt ought to be released?

Mr. Lucas—It is a fictitious debt, and he has not given up his property.

His Honour—If he has not, he must meet his creditors; he can meet them out as well as in prison.

Mr. Linklater said that the property was well protected to the satisfaction of his client and the official assignee.

His Honour—Then you do not object?

Mr. Linklater—Certainly not.

His Honour—Then I grant the order of release.

POLICE.

A TWOPENNY ZADRIEL.—During a case of a squabble between a lodging-house keeper and one of her tenants, which was heard before Mr. D'Eyncourt, at Clerkenwell, it transpired that complainant and defendant had been to a fortune-teller's.

The complainant said she went to Bath-street, and consulted the "oracle" and the "wise man," and when she had paid her 2d. he gave her a printed paper, of which the following is an exact copy:—

"Answer to Capricorn and Saturn.

"The Horoscope or nativity announces that you will succeed in all your enterprises, by all the cares and Troubles you have given yourself, in spite of that you will have Crossings to endure; do not alarm yourself because you will surmount them in a manner that will not be perceived by any one, and you will discover many plots go on secretly against you, that will cause you to be on your guard, but you are so easily seduced, that you would again give your confidence to people of bad faith. Your economy will give you the conveniences of life, and you will repose in your old age.

"Capricorn and Saturn.

"Beware of those who flatter you, it is only to deceive you; you are so honest that you believe every one to be like you.

"Your great confidence will render you the dupe of some bad persons, but their triumph will not be long.

"They will rob you of something, but you will soon find it again.

"Fate will be favourable to you because you have no ambition.

"You will never be rich, but you will never feel the need of misery.

"You have a project that you will not put in execution for a certain time, and not then without great trouble; but your enterprise will be crowned with success.

"Learn, if thou art Sage.

Science sooner than Heritage.

When Heritage fails thee

Science shall nourish thee."

"N.B.—Secret Looking-glass, to show the Ladies their present or future Husbands, and Gentlemen their present or future Wives. Admission 2d.—Nativities calculated, and Destines Revealed."

Mr. D'Eyncourt remonstrated with the complainant on the folly of such predictions, and the case, which was one of assault, was then proceeded with, but was uninteresting in its details.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.—A withered old Irish woman, named Eleanor McCormack, was charged with stealing a pound and a half of bacon from the shop of Mr. John Crew, a cheesemonger, in Cornhill-east.

It appeared from the evidence of Henry Phipps, the prosecutor's shopman, that he saw the prisoner loitering about his master's shop and watched her. She managed, however, unperceived to snatch a piece of bacon from the shopboard, and put it under her shawl. A few seconds afterwards Mr. Phipps missed the bacon and a few seconds later the prisoner. He took the piece of meat from her and gave her into custody of a police constable, to whom she said that she took the bacon for a lark; but the proprietor of the shop and his servants were not at all disposed to treat the matter as a joke, because they had lost pieces of cheese and lumps of bacon when Eleanor had visited them before, and insisted on her being locked up.

Chandler said the prisoner had been in custody fifty times for pilfering from the shops, and that bread, meat, vegetables, or anything that came in her way had been stolen by her. She had been repeatedly punished for theft.

The prisoner, who groaned incessantly, called upon all the saints in the calendar to bear witness she was a lone widow woman, and that she was as innocent as the blessed babies that were never born.

Mr. Woolrych—You make a business of this. You go from shop to shop pilfering. I sentence you to three months' imprisonment and hard labour.

Eleanor anatomised Chandler as she was leaving the dock, and said, "Ye murdering villain, ye would transport me if ye dared—only three months, ye villain. This is my victory, and be hanged to you."

ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE OF A RAILWAY TRAIN.—George Gwynn, of Bell-green, Lower Sydenham, appeared to a summons before Mr. Maude, charging him with having endangered the lives of passengers in a train belonging to the South-Eastern Railway Company by leaving a horse on the line of railway near the Bickley station.

William Brown said—I am an engine-driver in the employ of the South-Eastern Railway Company. On the 19th of August I had charge of the engine from London to Bickley, and when on the Mid-Kent line, approaching the Lower Sydenham station, I observed a man leading a horse across the line of railway, meanwhile leaving the horse on the down line of rail, the same we were travelling on.

The man ran away into the fields. When I first saw the man with the horse he was about 120 yards from the train. We were travelling at the rate of from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. I shut off the steam and reversed the engine, and made all the noise I could with the steam to frighten the horse off the rail. The horse sprang from the rail when the engine was within a yard or a yard and a half of it. There is an occupation-crossing at that point, and the man was driving the horse from one side of the railway to the other, the horse having neither bridle nor halter.

Joseph Kemp, head guard of the train, confirmed this statement.

William Hall, station-master at Lower Sydenham, said—On the evening of the 19th of August the defendant called upon me and expressed his regret.

The defendant said that in crossing the line he found the train so close upon him that he was compelled, for his own safety, to run and leave the horse.

Mr. Maude said a similar case had been brought before him at Woolwich, a few days ago, but which the company had not prosecuted. But this was a case he could not deal with; it must go to the Sessions.

The defendant was ordered to enter into recognizances to appear again on Wednesday next for the completion of the deposition.

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES EXCUSE THE USE OF THE HOT POKER.—Thomas Linsdale, a timber merchant, of Wandsworth, Deptford, was charged before Mr. Traill with assaulting his wife with a red-hot poker.

Catherine Linsdale, the complainant, deposed that about one o'clock on the previous day the defendant came home and asked whether his dinner was ready. She replied that it would be shortly, when he seized a poker that was in the fire at the time, and struck her violently across her arm, causing several scars. The witness here bared her arm and showed his Worship the frightful burns, and she handed in a certificate. In cross-examination, she said she had been living apart from her husband, who allowed her £1 per week.

The defendant admitted the assault, but said the complainant provoked it.

Mr. Traill thought there were faults on both sides, and ordered the defendant to find bail. The defendant's brother, landlord of the Dover Castle, tendered himself as bail, and was accepted.

DISGRACEFUL OUTRAGE AND MILD PENALTY.—Roger Dillon and Dennis Hayes, two Irish labourers, arrived at the Wandsworth station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway on Sunday evening, and when a train from the Elephant and Castle for the Victoria station came up they forced themselves into a third-class carriage that was already full. The guard was called on to interfere, but the train passed on, and the two Irishmen forced themselves down on the seats among the other passengers. Upon this Mr. G. Doughty, of No. 2, Hyde Park-square, being then in the compartment, remonstrated with them, but Dillon shook his fist in his face; and at Stewart's-lane the guard refused to interfere, believing that one party was as bad as the other; and as the train passed on again the uproar increased, fists, sticks, and umbrellas being freely used, and Mr. Doughty received blows which blackened his eye and otherwise disfigured his face. On the arrival of the train at the Victoria station the two men were given into custody, and yesterday they were examined at the Westminster Police Court. Mr. Selfe inquired whose business it was to see that the carriages were not overladen. The guard replied that it was his, and that he tried to accommodate passengers to the utmost of his power, but that he frequently found it impossible to prevent them from rushing into carriages. Dillon, in his defence, said that Mr. Doughty struck him first, but Mr. Selfe declared it to be his opinion that he and the other defendant had been guilty of a great outrage in forcing themselves into the carriage, and inflicted a penalty of 50s. on Dillon, and one of 10s. on his companion.

ASHAMED OF THE BROGUE.—At the Birmingham Police Court three women were charged with having committed an assault on an old Irishman. In consequence of its being represented to the Court that she could not speak English, her grown-up daughter was called upon to interpret. The old woman, bending down her head, mumbled a meaningless sound into the daughter's ear, which the other pretended to translate. At last the clerk, believing that the girl was rendering the complaint according to her own particular interest, looked at the complainant and said, "I think you can speak English if you like." The old lady, on the spur of the moment, amidst roars of laughter, and with only the slightest Irish accent, immediately rejoined, "No, no, Sir, I am sure I can't." She then proceeded to tell her tale in English with great volubility, and eventually succeeded in getting two of her opponents fined. As a reason for her conduct she afterwards, when pressed, alleged that she was ashamed to use the English tongue, as she did not speak it plidly.

SHOCKING DISCOVERIES IN A LONDON CHURCH.—A discovery of dead bodies in Whitechapel Church has created intense excitement in the neighbourhood. A thorough search having been made in the roof of the church, the result was that eleven coffins, three of which contained bodies of children, were brought to light. Eight of the coffins were broken in pieces, apparently from violence. Three were in good condition, and one had written on it, in blacked pencil, "Mrs. Foster, No. 35, Bedford-street." Two of the bodies are supposed to have been stillborn. It is not apparent how the third child came by its death. In addition to these remains, about seven skulls of children were found, and they were stained with blood. There were some bones and dust and the remains of clothing. A cap was on the head of one of the bodies, and napkins were also lying among the remains. The sexton states it as his opinion that the bodies prove, by the manner in which they moulder into dust when touched, that they must have been deposited in the roof several years ago. Other persons, however, are of opinion that at least one of the bodies was only dead twelve months. On Saturday morning the search for more bodies was continued in a part of Whitechapel Church hitherto overlooked, and in the belfry, behind a chamber or box in which one of the huge clock-weights hang, a child's coffin was found standing on end. Upon proceeding upstairs into the clock-chamber, the men employed in the examination found a child in a shroud, and no fewer than eleven skulls. There was also, in another part of the chamber, a coffin containing a quantity of sawdust, which, upon being removed, disclosed to view the skeleton of a child, with a cap on the skull. These and other remains had been placed behind some beams or joists parallel to the wall, at a height of 18ft. above the floor of the chamber. In the search the boards of the flooring have been removed, but as yet no more remains have been found. A marble slab in the bell-chamber states that the bells were thoroughly repaired in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Wales in March last, and it is surprising that the discovery of the bodies was not made then. On Saturday morning Inspector Dandy succeeded in finding a Mrs. Henry, who resided in Bedford-street, St. Sepmy, and who, it was thought, might be the person indicated by the address chalked on the coffin in which one of the bodies was found. She stated that about two years since she lost a child, who died very young, and engaged an undertaker residing at the east end of London to take the child for interment, for which he was paid, and she had heard no more of it until the present time. The child was to have been buried as still-born, and the undertaker placed the body in a small plain coffin and handed it to one of the gravediggers, named Smith, who has since died.

An inquest has been held upon some of the remains, none of which have as yet been identified. The stains of blood upon the skulls are by no means conclusive evidence of death by unlawful means. The prevalent impression is that some person, who had been paid to bury the bodies, disposed of them as found in order to save the deduction of the usual fees.

Mr. Maude said a similar case had been brought before him at Woolwich, a few days ago, but which the company had not prosecuted. But this was a case he could not deal with; it must go to the Sessions.

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SHOCKING DISCOVERIES IN A LONDON CHURCH.—A discovery of dead bodies in Whitechapel Church has created intense excitement in the neighbourhood. A thorough search having been made in the roof of the church, the result was that eleven coffins, three of which contained bodies of children, were brought to light. Eight of the coffins were broken in pieces, apparently from violence. Three were in good condition, and one had written on it, in blacked pencil, "Mrs. Foster, No. 35, Bedford-street." Two of the bodies are supposed to have been stillborn. It is not apparent how the third child came by its death. In addition to these remains, about seven skulls of children were found, and they were stained with blood. There were some bones and dust and the remains of clothing. A cap was on the head of one of the bodies, and napkins were also lying among the remains. The sexton states it as his opinion that the bodies prove, by the manner in which they moulder into dust when touched, that they must have been deposited in the roof several years ago. Other persons, however, are of opinion that at least one of the bodies was only dead twelve months. On Saturday morning the search for more bodies was continued in a part of Whitechapel Church hitherto overlooked, and in the belfry, behind a chamber or box in which one of the huge clock-weights hang, a child's coffin was found standing on end. Upon proceeding upstairs into the clock-chamber, the men employed in the examination found a child in a shroud, and no fewer than eleven skulls. There was also, in another part of the chamber, a coffin containing a quantity of sawdust, which, upon being removed, disclosed to view the skeleton of a child, with a cap on the skull. These and other remains had been placed behind some beams or joists parallel to the wall, at a height of 18ft. above the floor of the chamber. In the search the boards of the flooring have been removed, but as yet no more remains have been found. A marble slab in the bell-chamber states that the bells were thoroughly repaired in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Wales in March last, and it is surprising that the discovery of the bodies was not made then. On Saturday morning Inspector Dandy succeeded in finding a Mrs. Henry, who resided in Bedford-street, St. Sepmy, and who, it was thought, might be the person indicated by the address chalked on the coffin in which one of the bodies was found. She stated that about two years since she lost a child, who died very young, and engaged an undertaker residing at the east end of London to take the child for interment, for which he was paid, and she had heard no more of it until the present time. The child was to have been buried as still-born, and the undertaker placed the body in a small plain coffin and handed it to one of the gravediggers, named Smith, who has since died.

An inquest has been held upon some of the remains, none of which have as yet been identified. The stains of blood upon the skulls are by no means conclusive evidence of death by unlawful means. The prevalent impression is that some person, who had been paid to bury the bodies, disposed of them as found in order to save the deduction of the usual fees.

Mr. Maude said a similar case had been brought before him at Woolwich, a few days ago, but which the company had not prosecuted. But this was a case he could not deal with; it must go to the Sessions.

The defendant was ordered to enter into recognizances to appear again on Wednesday next for the completion of the deposition.

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES EXCUSE THE USE OF THE HOT POKER.—Thomas Linsdale, a timber merchant, of Wandsworth, Deptford, was charged before Mr. Traill with assaulting his wife with a red-hot poker.

Catherine Linsdale, the complainant, deposed that about one o'clock on the previous day the defendant came home and asked whether his dinner was ready. She replied that it would be shortly, when he seized a poker that was in the fire at the time, and struck her violently across her arm, causing several scars. The witness here bared her arm and showed his Worship the frightful burns, and she handed in a certificate. In cross-examination, she said she had been living apart from her husband, who allowed her £1 per week.

The defendant admitted the assault, but said the complainant provoked it.

Mr. Traill thought there were faults on both sides, and ordered the defendant to find bail. The defendant's brother, landlord of the Dover Castle, tendered himself as bail, and was accepted.

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May 5, 1863.

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